

THE Tatler

& Bystander

2s. weekly



9 September 1959

THE TORQUAY REGATTA &
BALL — BY MURIEL BOWEN

SPAIN'S GORIEST SEASON
IN THE BULLRING

DRESSING FOR DINNER —
EIGHT PAGES OF FASHION



Executive returning from £1m. conference

He has earned his holiday. He *needs* the relaxation of Union-Castle travel home. No 'Executivitis' for him! In the second week, perhaps he will open his brief case and dictate a report or two to one of the ship's stenographers. But just now he is letting the sun coax the tensions out of his joints. And, after those Conference weeks of

alternate sandwiches and banquets, he is letting Union-Castle chefs coax blissful sanity back to his digestion. He is *not* looking forward to wearing a stiff collar again. But when he does get his sun-tanned knees in their City trousers under a City desk again, he will romp through his work at a good rate of knots. *Mare*, as the doctors say, *nostrum*.

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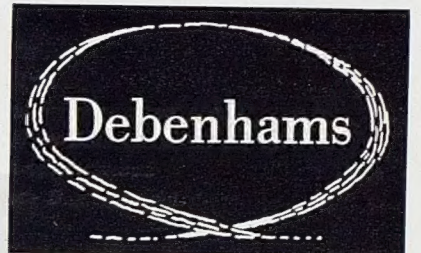
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We chose this in Paris

for sheer taffeta enchantment . . . palest blue accented into drama by an enormous collar and deep décolletage . . . from Nina Ricci's superb collection. Available in London at the end of September.

Peter Clark photographed this evening gown specially for Debenhams in the luxurious foyer of the Ritz Hotel.

Nina Ricci at



Vol. CCXXXIII No. 3028

9 September 1959

COVER FEATURE: The Torquay regatta & The Torbay Yacht Club's ball is reported by Muriel Bowen on pages 166-8. Cover picture by Vernon Stratton.

Duncan Melvin, a West End theatrical representative, has a sparetime passion for the bullfight. He has taken some remarkable pictures outside as well as inside the arena and, as this Spanish sport is making world headlines for the number of matadors gored this season, it seems a good

time to show them (pages 179-183). . . . For the coming winter season there are some dreamy dinner dresses but Norman Eales has photographed them in a strictly practical setting (pages 187-193). . . . Also: A new twist on The Tower—how it looks to a society photographer (pages 173-5).

NEXT WEEK: Preparing for Prep. school. . . . The Harewood Horse Trials. . . . The Most Quotable Man since Shakespeare. . . . A prince goes flying

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. *Subscription Rates:* Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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OUT OF DOORS

Battle of Britain Week, 13-19 September.

Braemar Royal Highland Gathering, Aberdeenshire, 10 September.

Farnborough Air Display, Farnborough, Hants, 11-13 September.

Racing: The St. Leger, Doncaster, 12 September.

Horse Trials: Scone, Perthshire; Tiverton Hunt, Devon, 12 September. Eglinton, Ayrshire, 15 September.

Lawn Tennis: Junior Championships of Great Britain, Wimbledon, to 12 September.

Golf: The Burhill Family Four-somes, Surrey. To 11 September.

Gallery, St. James's Square. To 27 September. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays, 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sundays, 2-6 p.m. Admission, 2s. 6d. Tate; 1s. Arts Council.

"Masterpieces of Czech Art," Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. To 20 September.

Modern silver exhibition, arranged by the Goldsmiths' Company, Stoneleigh Abbey, near Warwick. 2.30-5.30 p.m. (including Sundays). To 21 September.

Classical MSS. & printed books, British Museum, to 12 October. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Sundays, 2.30 p.m.-6 p.m.

Terylene Display, Design Centre, Haymarket. To 12 September.

Handicrafts Exhibition, Olympia. To 19 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Cambridge Theatre. *The Crooked Mile*. 10 September.

Piccadilly Theatre. *Ballets U.S.A.* 14 September.

Strand Theatre. *From The French*. 16 September.

GARDENS

Open on Sunday, 13 September, 2-7 p.m. Admission is usually 1s., unless otherwise stated.

Pigeon House, Eastbury, near Lambourn, Berks.

Cerne Abbey, Dorchester, Dorset.

Brizes Park, Kelvedon Hatch, near Brentwood, Essex.

Greywalls, Burford Rd., Cirencester, Glos.

Beachamwell Hall, near Swaffham, Norfolk.

Houston. (Phoenix Theatre, TEM 8611.)

The Grass Is Greener. "... lightest and most assured touch... amusing artifice... acted with extreme finesse." Rachel Garney, Joan Greenwood, Edward Underdown. (St. Martin's Theatre, TEM 1443.)

Irma La Douce. "... innocent absurdity... the music grows better and better all the while." Elizabeth Seal, Keith Michell, Clive Revill. (Lyric Theatre, GER 3686.)

FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's review. For this week's see p. 195.

G.R. = General Release

A Hole In The Head. "... a human comedy directed with charm and humour by Mr. Frank Capra." Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, Carolyn Jones, Helma Ritter. (G.R.)

Last Train From Gun Hill. "Well-made Western in which Mr. Kirk Douglas plays a stern-jawed marshal... bent upon bringing to justice the murderer of his Indian wife." Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, Carolyn Jones, Earl Holliman. (G.R.)

Blind Date. "... Mr. Stanley Baker, a dogged detective inspector... is given a murder case to solve... His performance is excellent." Stanley Baker, Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle. (G.R. 20 Sept.)

The Sleeping Beauty. "Two dear and beautifully brought up little boys... who saw the film with me sat back panting with pleasure at the end of it... their considered opinion... 'Super.'" (Astoria, GER 5385.)

The Scapegoat. "... Mr. Alec Guinness... is on holiday in France, and meets a French count who is his complete double... he finds it incumbent upon him to assume this mysterious person's roles and responsibilities." Alec Guinness, Bette Davis, Pamela Brown. G.R.

continued on page 160

GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

COMPILED BY JOHN MANN

Croquet: President's Cup (Hurlingham Club) and Surrey Cup (Roehampton), to 12 September.

MUSICAL

Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester, to 11 September.

Covent Garden. *The Ring* cycle. 18, 23, 28 September & 2 October; and 5, 6, 8 & 10 October. Conductor, Franz Konwitschny. The Royal Ballet. Fonteyn in *Ondine*, 10 September; in *Lac Des Cygnes*, 12 September. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. Festival Ballet, 10th Anniversary Gala, 8 p.m., 10 September; *Anna Russell*, 8 p.m., 14 September; **The Newport Jazz Festival**, 6 p.m. & 8.45 p.m., 19 September. (WAT 3191.)

"The Merry Widow," London Coliseum (Sadler's Wells Company), 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Saturdays). (TEM 3161.)

ART

"The Romantic Movement," Tate Gallery, Millbank, & Arts Council

"Two Centuries of British Shipping," Commonwealth Institute, South Kensington. Daily 10 a.m.-4.30 p.m., Sundays 2.30-6 p.m. To 27 September.

Ceremonial Robes & Mantles Exhibition, Arundel Castle, Sussex. To 25 September.

Golden Jubilee Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W.1. To 3 October.

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

Edinburgh Festival, to 12 September.

Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall. To 10 September.

Regate Pageant, Surrey. To 12 September.

Dr. Johnson 250th Anniversary Celebrations, Lichfield, Staffs, 19 September.

EXHIBITIONS

The Small House Design Exhibition, Building Centre, Store St., W.C.1. 9.30 a.m.-6 p.m. To 26 September.

WHERE TO PARK

Theatre-goers can usually find space to park on one of the following. All are within ¼ of a mile of Piccadilly Circus.

Waterloo Place; St. James's Square; Golden Square; Lex Garage, Brewer St.; bombed site Dean St.; bombed site Old Compton St.; Moon's Garage, Denman Place.

PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see p. 194.

Lock Up Your Daughters. "... presented in a way that wins the audience... the lyrics are spirited, the music charmingly gay, the playing of the company attractive." Hy Hazell, Stephanie Voss, Richard Wordsworth. (Mermaid Theatre, CIR 7656.)

Roar Like A Dove. "Miss Storm... writes a great many amusing lines... spoken by a company who know how to make them tell for all they are worth." Faith Brook, Patrick Barr, Renee



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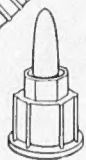
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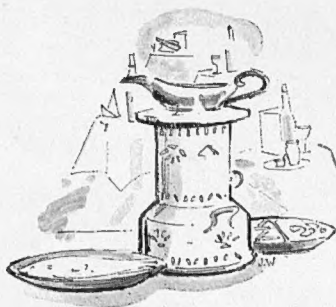


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ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays
O.S. = Open Sundays

"Genevieve," 13 Thayer Street, W.1. (WEL 5023.) C.S. Opened in February, 1958, it set out to remind people of "good food enjoyed at leisure as in the days of the first motorcars." Its co-directors, the enthusiastic and ever-present Joseph and Martin, named it after the famous 1904 film-star Darraq. The car is now in New Zealand, but the restaurant remains in London Town, specializing in *cuisine Française* with an accent very much "en flambé."

La Popote, 3 Walton Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. (KEN 9178.) O.S. (Evngs.) There may not be much room, but there is certainly originality in this restaurant which "Australian" Bill Stoughton opened some five years ago. The specialities are mostly Bill's own inventions and it's well worth experimenting with some of his "Ab-original" dishes; plenty of wines to help them on their way.

The Darjeeling Restaurant, 13 Sale Place, off Praed Street, W.2. (PAD 6763.) O.S. The place for authentic Pakistani cooking in simple and unpretentious circumstances at remarkably low prices. A small card translating some of the words on the menu would help.

The May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W.1. (MAY 7777.) "Press on with bright ideas" seems to be the motto of the May Fair. First came the successful Candlelight Room, then the New Bar which is doing a lot of business. Now they have the Starlight Club, a late night cinema affair, the performance beginning at 10.30 p.m. weekdays and 8 p.m. Sundays, with a cocktail bar which opens at 9 and 7 p.m. respectively. 10s. is charged for sandwiches; membership fee is £2 2s.; already there are more than 600 members.

The Castle, 220 Putney Bridge Road, S.W.15. (PUT 0972.) Charming restaurant in a brand-new inn a few minutes from the river, with a large car park. Maître chef Frank Giradot, who has many specialities on his menu, delights in being asked to do something different.

Shangri La, 233 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W.3. (KEN 9459.) O.S. (Evngs.). Here, as with most

of the best Chinese restaurants in London, if you are not an expert at ordering from their menus, ask for help. In time you will find your own feet and carry your own chop-sticks—if you become a regular customer, maybe Mr. Tan or Mr. Boger will give you a pair. Use the restaurant downstairs unless you require only a coffee and a snack.

The Roman Room, 171 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 0418.) If originality counts for anything, Renato Cimatti and Douglas Fisher deserve a prize for this successful and amusing fantasy. You are greeted by a magnificent reincarnation of Othello himself and served by Roman slave girls. A silver goblet was filled for me by a toga-clad young man who was actually born in Rome. The two feet long menu is on parchment in a sort of "gimmick Latin" and the specialities (including some favourite dishes of Julius Caesar) are excellent. As for the Wine List, you could use it for a scarf. The "path to Rome" is fairly expensive but well worth the journey.

The Aerodrome Hotel, Purley Way, Croydon, Surrey. (CRO 5185.) As Croydon Airport is shortly ceasing to function as such, the directors of Anchor Taverns realized that the Aerodrome Hotel would have to stand on its own as a quality hotel and no longer rely on proximity to the airport as its main advantage. They have redecorated and refurnished the whole hotel; the once enormous barracks of a bar has been split up and the quality of the cuisine has been vastly improved. Among *more chef de cuisine* M. Impy's more exciting memories is the day when he prepared meals for Her Majesty The Queen on her visit to Ceylon when he was at the Mount Lavinia Hotel. There are 24 bedrooms and it's a fine place to stay if you want an early start south in the morning or get tired of struggling into London after a weekend of congested motoring. The hotel is managed by a great enthusiast, Stanley Hollis, M.H.C.I., who came from the Majestic Hotel at St. Anne's.

Overton's, 5 St. James's Street. (TRA 3774.) C.S., and 4 Victoria Buildings, Victoria Station, S.W.1. (VIC 3774.) C.S. Fine oysters can be obtained at most first-class restaurants but I personally prefer to go to people who specialize in them. Overton's have specialized in oysters for nearly 90 years ("O stands for Overton's and Oysters") and by the time this column appears I shall have enjoyed my first of the season with the immaculate patron of these elegant establishments, Geoffrey Russel-Hay, who tells me the news is really good. The warm summer has done the trick and the growth in the oyster beds could not be better. Expect fine well-fished and good-flavoured oysters this season in ample supply.

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Ward—Anderson: Miss Jennifer M. Ward, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. B. Ward, Kingfield Road, Sheffield, married Mr. Dennis R. Anderson, son of Mr. & Mrs. T. L. Anderson, Low Wood Park, Belfast, at Christ Church, Fulwood, Sheffield



WEDDINGS



Walsh—Legge: Dr. Ann Walsh, daughter of the late Mr. James E. Walsh, New Cross, Co. Wexford, and Mrs. Walsh, Lucas Park, Enniscorthy, Ireland, married Mr. Peter Legge, son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Legge, Leeson Park, Dublin, at the Church of Blessed Michael the Archangel, Dungarvan, Ireland

Leather—Charles: Miss Diane Leather, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Leather, Streetley, Staffs., married Mr. Peter Charles, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. Charles, Birkdale, Lincs., at Christ Church, Radlett, Hertfordshire



Hustler—Thomas: Miss Joanna E. Hustler, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. M. C. Hustler, Greenways, Newbury, married Mr. James S. Thomas, son of the late Mr. Herbert J. Thomas & Mrs. Thomas, Home Farm, Old Sodbury, Glos., at the Church of the Ascension, Burghclere, Hants.



Matthews—Jansson: Miss Caroline M. M. Matthews, daughter of Mr. R. Matthews, South Africa, and Mrs. Matthews, Ponwicks Close, St. Albans, married Lieutenant J. Walter Jansson, son of Herr & Fru W. N. Jansson, Ransater, Sweden, at The Swedish Church, London, W.1



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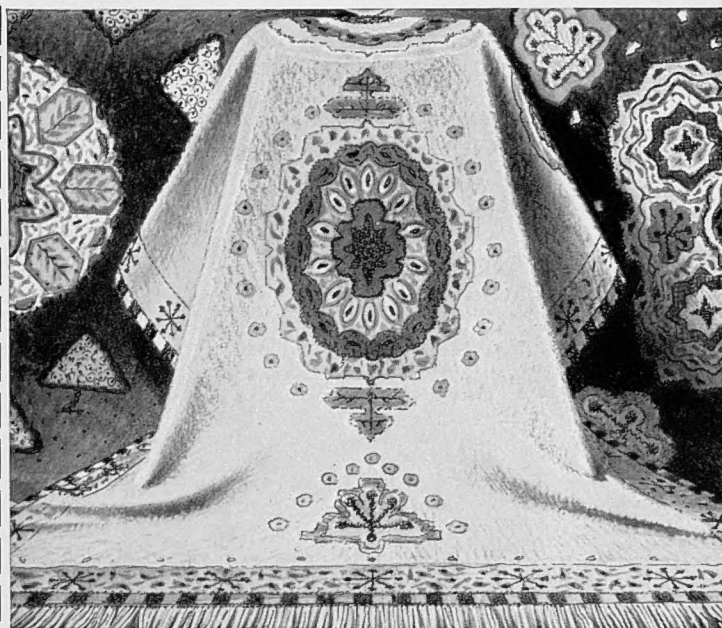
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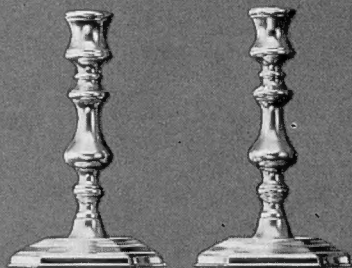


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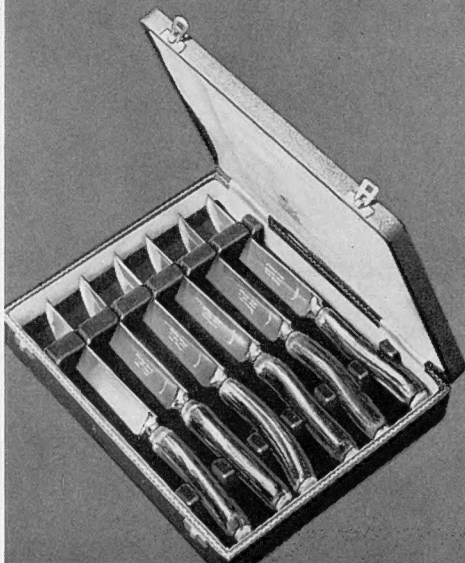


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Desmond O'Neill

Vernon Stratten



The Torquay regatta, last major regatta of the season, had a fine turn-out of entries, including the gay Redwings seen at the start of a race in the picture, watched by an official in charge of the midget starting-guns. Regatta report and pictures overleaf. The Royal Torbay Yacht Club's ball: page 168

COVER: Perched on an outboard, the regatta girl wears a one-piece Jaeger swimsuit

Sedate? I'd rather call Torquay frisk

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



In the foreground Mr. G. Jenkin's *Duenna* in the International Dragon Class race, won by *Scimitar*

Mr. Gerald Nabarro, M.P., wrote his election address by the pool at the Imperial Hotel



Mr. E. T. Vachell, flag officer for the starting line, checks one of the races from the bridge of H.M.S. *Acute*



Mr. W. Martin and Major J. H. Hunter checked the race results in the wardroom of the destroyer



Sir Reginald Leeds Bt. (left), Commodore of the Royal Torbay Yacht Club, watching from H.M.S. *Acute*



reports **MURIEL BOWEN**

I EXPECTED TO FIND TORQUAY A BIT ON the sedate side. That is what friends in London had prepared me for. But I had some surprises instead. Surprise No. 1: Nearly 200 yachts, many of them sailed by under-25s, competing in the regatta organized by the Royal Torbay Yacht Club (of which **Sir Reginald Leeds, Bt.** is the Commodore). Surprise No. 2: The Mayor of Torquay, **Ald. John Haarer**, arriving for the regatta in yachting cap, mayoral chain (and accompanied by his pace-bearer, an enormous man) in a low-slung, turquoise, open sports car. Being Torquay's champion rally-driver, Mr. Haarer naturally doesn't see much fun in going about in mayoral limousines.

SAILING SURGEONS

But, to return to boats, Miss **Judy Wollen** and her father, **Mr. C. J. H. Wollen** is Vice-Commodore of the Royal Torbay Yacht Club, took me on a cruise round the yachts in the family motor boat, *Venturer*.

So many interesting people were sailing that it is only possible to mention a few. **Mr. G. L. Preston**, the surgeon, who has never allowed partial paralysis to interfere with his sailing, was at the helm of his handsome boat *Severn*, and he had the thrill of at least one winning gun during the three-day regatta. Another sailing surgeon was **Mr. Hugh Guerrier** who was sailing his national, 18 ft *Avril*. I saw **Lord Churston** set off to a substantial lead in his Water *Rondell*. He skilfully kept to the rock-strewn coast while his rivals tried to
continued overleaf



Mr. C. McNeil's veteran *Moonbeam* (winner of the race for the biggest yachts) passes the committee boat

Mr. G. L. Preston at the helm of his yacht *Severn* which came second in the race for the biggest yachts—handicap race Class A



Mr. N. Wilkinson-Cox, Vice-Commodore of the Torquay Corinthian Y.C., was a flag officer for yachts racing over a small course



Ald. J. F. Haarer, Mayor of Torquay and chairman of the regatta, drives to official functions in this car



The Royal Torbay

Yacht Club Ball

at the Imperial Hotel

Mrs. John Pryor (right)
with Mrs. Colin McNeil



Mr. Colin McNeil, owner-skipper of
the victorious yacht *Moonbeam*



Mrs. C. Wollen, an 84-year-old grandmother, gave up racing two years ago



Midnight swim for Miss Sandra Peters after the water-ballet cabaret, which had a floodlit setting in the hotel pool

Guests watched the
water-ballet in
the swimming pool
during the ball



**MURIEL
BOWEN**
continued

cope with a tricky wind out in the bay.

"It's just like him!" said my skipper, Miss Wollen. "He's a remarkably calm man, you can see that by the way he smokes his pipe." Lord Churston has a particularly serene way of smoking a pipe.

As we passed a workmanlike nipper in rolled-up dungarees was tugging a rope for all he was worth. His name? **Gordon McNeil**,

aged six. Presently he's "junior partner" to his father, Mr. **Colin McNeil**, *Moonbeam's* owner-skipper. Mr. McNeil also had his other son, Derek (who is 15), crewing for him.

In the evening it was yachts to their moorings while sailors and their wives dropped anchor for the night at the Imperial Hotel, focal point of Torquay's social life. There the Royal Torbay Yacht Club's ball

was in progress. The ballroom was festooned with blue-and-white streamers (the Club's colours) and it was warm enough for dancers to sit out on the terrace above the garden. From here they could see the twinkling lights of H.M.S. *Acute*, of the Dartmouth Training Squadron, which was acting as Committee Boat for the races. Across the bay, strung out like a necklace of precious stones, were the lights of Paignton.

HIS SECRET MISSION

Mr. **Wallace-Copeland**, Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire, was at the ball with Mrs. Wallace-Copeland, and others were Lady Atkey, Dr. **A. Robinson Thomas** ("I changed from motor to sail years ago—I like to run to time without getting ulcers"), Mr. & Mrs. **Hugh Goodson** (he was chairman of the *Sceptre* syndicate) & Mr. **Gerald Nabarro**, M.P.

Mr. Nabarro said that he was in Torquay to write his address to the people of Kidderminster for the forthcoming General Election. But actually he was fulfilling a secret mission: playing six sets of tennis a day in the hope of regaining his supremacy over his teenage sons (they're at Harrow) on his return to Worcestershire.

The last word on yachting came from Mrs. **Cecil Wollen**, another of the sailing Wollens, who is in her 80s. "I've 14 grandchildren and I'd like them all to be able to sail," she said. "It's far safer and more fun than driving a car. I sailed my own boat until a couple of years ago and then I only gave up because my son wanted the boat."

When I'm looking for somewhere sedate I'm not going to go to Torquay. It's much too frisky.



BUSY DAY at Balmoral: President Eisenhower (left) with the Royal Family on the lawns of the castle; and the wedding reception of (right) Capt. David Brown & Lady Margaret Sinclair



From Torquay Muriel Bowen went North

to see President Eisenhower's arrival at

BALMORAL

and to report a wedding reception held there

within two hours of his leaving

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER HAD HIS first experience of an English picnic when the Queen drove him to the shores of Loch Muick in her Canadian-built shooting-brake.

With rugs spread close to the heather they settled down to a good, old-fashioned English picnic tea. Perhaps it was a bit too highly organised to be typical—the food had been brought from Balmoral earlier in hampers—but I expect the President & Mrs. Eisenhower enjoyed it, for they like to eat out-of-doors.

When they have close friends to their white farmhouse at Gettysburg in Pennsylvania on a Saturday evening they often have a barbecue supper on the flagged courtyard at the back of the house. The President grills steak hamburgers, and baby spring chicken on a charcoal spit, which he lights and kindles himself, and guests eat them with crisp green salad. But at an American barbecue—which incidentally is far more popular with men than women—guests like to stand round with their plates and forks. If they do sit down it is on chairs.

Next to golf the President's favourite hobby is cooking, and I see that he asked Princess Anne if she was going to learn. In his Army days he always did the cooking when the family had friends to dinner and if there are willing helpers he—like most men cooks—likes them to stick to washing up.

Mrs. Eisenhower has never cared for cooking. When American women's organizations ask her for her favourite recipe she always sends them the same one. "The one recipe which turns out well for me," she calls it. It's for fudge.

One incident during the stay at Balmoral produced chuckles among the President's

staff. Princess Margaret wore a pink blouse with her kilt one day. One American decided it was apricot, not pink. But it was decided by majority decision to call it pink. All the men had been charged by their wives to bring back an "exact description" of the clothes worn by the Queen and her sister!

"IKE'S CASTLE"

At Culzean (pronounced *Cullane*) Castle in Ayrshire, which I visited, the President will find many changes since he was last there in 1951. The latest: a TV aerial on the round tower, just put up by the U.S. Air Force from Prestwick. The 16-room flat which the President occupies on the top floor has been completely redecorated. The sitting-room now has rich warm colours, a sunshine yellow carpet with russet curtains. This is the top room of the tower, and it looks out on the lone black rock of Ailsa Craig rising sheer from the water.

Tourists who come to see Culzean call it "Ike's castle," but the Scotland's National Trust (its owners) like to have it called "President Eisenhower's Scottish home." Either way the association has been a money-spinner—visitors number up to 80,000 a year, more than for any other Trust property except Robert Burns's cottage.

TIARA FOR THE BRIDE

A couple of hours after President Eisenhower drove out of the front gates of Balmoral 300 guests drove in for the reception following the wedding of Capt. David Brown of the Gordon Highlanders and Lady Margaret Sinclair. The bride is the daughter of the Earl of Caithness, the Queen's Factor for the Balmoral and

Birkhall estates, and he and his wife had a beautifully arranged reception at their grace-and-favour home on the estate.

With the Camerons, the Macphersons, and the Sinclairs all in their kilted splendour, the occasion was an eyeful of colour and excitement for anyone (like me) who lives south of the Border. The bride, a tall dark girl, wore a tiara of diamonds and a classically cut white dress. The bridesmaids were her sisters Lady Fiona and Lady Bridget Sinclair, her step-sister the beautiful Susanna Ormerod (who came out this year and who has now taken up modelling as a career), Miss Jane Farquarson, Miss Susan Brown, and Miss Judith Morgan. Miss Morgan had been bridesmaid in London the day before to Miss Fiona Spott who married the Hon. Michael Spring-Rice, and she herself marries shipping executive, Mr. Loudon Constantine on 6 October.

The marriage ceremony was held at Crathie Church (a fairytale church on a hillside, its reddish pink roof just visible above the trees). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. John Lamb, the Minister, who wore the scarlet ("please don't call it 'red'") cassock of Domestic Chaplains to the Queen.

The ushers, Mr. Quintin Curzon and Mr. Andrew Gray-Muir had a busy time showing guests to their seats, as everybody seemed to arrive together. Those I saw included Sir Iain Forbes Leith (he came straight from Dyce where, as Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, he had been seeing off President Eisenhower for Chequers) & Lady Forbes Leith, Sir Malcolm & Lady Muriel Barclay Harvey, G/Capt. & Mrs. H. M. K. Brown (the bridegroom's parents) and their daughter Elizabeth, and Lord & Lady Tryon with their daughter Patricia, who had a smart black-and-white check dress with a red flower in her hair. Also very smart was Col. Jim Humphreys, in a waistcoat of natural chamois with a yellow rose in his buttonhole.

The marquee where the reception was held was most artistically done, with trailing pink larkspur and hanging baskets in which the colour motif was pink and mauve. There were lots of young people such as the Duke of Fife and his wife (the former Caroline Dewar). "For the first time I'm learning all the things a small baby can get up to!" the Duchess, who is a very vivacious girl, told me. Their daughter is just six weeks. I also met Lord Masham, who is Earl of Swinton's grandson, and who was there with his fiancée, a cousin of the bride. They plan to marry in London in December and move into their new home in Yorkshire in the spring.

Still more were, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Brian & Lady Baker, Lady Fermoy, Capt. Angus Avery of the Gordon Highlanders (who was best man), and the Lord Lyon King of Arms & Lady Lucy Innes. My talk with the Lord Lyon was cut short by the skirl of the pipes of the Gordon Highlanders who had come to play away the bride and groom.

Deauville's GRANDE SEMAINE



Visitors crowded in for the 10,000,000 franc Grand Prix, the World Championship polo, and the gala dinner at the Casino. Desmond O'Neill was there to photograph some of them . . .



Breeder Mr. Nesbitt Waddington watches the racing from the grandstand



Mme. J. Citroën (of the car manufacturing family) & Mrs. Charles Clore



Mrs. Jervis O'Donohoe & fashion consultant Mrs. Anne Lambton



Owner Mme. Suzy Volterra in the paddock before the Grand Prix de Deauville

CORRECTION: Miss Jennifer Gough-Cooper, whose coming-out party was reported on 19 August, is a pupil at Winkfield Place, Windsor, and not at Tunbridge Wells finishing school, as stated. We regret this error.



Racegoers watch the finish of the Grand Prix de Deauville. The grandstand is divided in two—one enclosure for the men, the other for the women

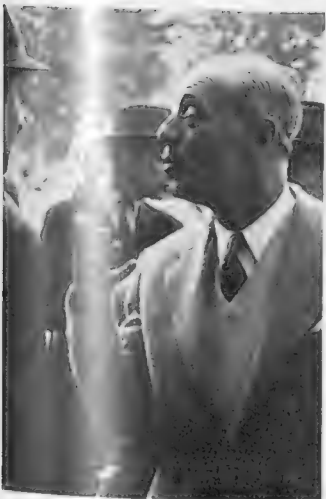


Polo players M. A. Couturier from France & Mr. A. G. Boyd Gibbins, who is captain of the British Silver Leys team which competed in the Championship



Polo player Colonel Humphrey Guinness (leading member of the British team) watching the final match of the World Championship tournament with his wife

Gala Night at the Deauville Casino during the fashion show and dinner which, with a fireworks display, marked the end of La Grande Semaine



Owner Baron Guy de Rothschild after his horse, Favreale, won the Prix du Casino



Trainer Mr. Geoff Watson, who trains Baron de Rothschild's horses at Chantilly

My brush with fame

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

SOME MONTHS AGO I RECEIVED A circular letter from a school of journalism, with a name not quite my own on the envelope. The letter began: "Dear Mr. Belitha; You too could become an author. . ."

This set me thinking. When one is young, smarting under the vicious sting of ambition, one dreams of one's name in big print across a page, or in lights across the façade of a theatre. When these things have happened, they lose their delight: one settles nicely into the sixties, realizing that fame is a transient cheat, and that it is valid only if it comes after death.

Americans, of course, have a talent for making one feel on top of the world. In Los Angeles, I have seen my name in electric lights almost as tall as myself. When I spoke to a women's club in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, the local newspaper announced in mighty type: "New season's fashions at Sir H. Bolitho's lecture." Then there was the tall lady in New Jersey who emerged from the audience and said to me: "Your historical nostalgia is something I'll never forget." And then—and I swear this is true—she added: "You see, history means more to me than to these other girls. I was brought up in Paris by my aunt, and she owned one of Napoleon's eyelashes."

But fame in England is a different matter: we are genteel about it, and I am forced to realize that I was not born to enjoy its ruthless glow. The one time my name was ever on the London buses, I was so terrified by the blood-red juggernauts hurtling along Piccadilly, with *Hector Bolitho* on them, that I hurried to Liverpool Street Station and escaped to the tranquillity of my fields in Essex.

Even when my first novel was published, in the 1920s, my pride soon turned to

ashes. I was living in the Cloisters of Windsor Castle during those years, and I decided to celebrate the event of my deeply psychological first essay in fiction by going up to London for the day.

Would people say: "There goes the gifted young author whose first novel was published this morning?"

It was not to be.

The doorway from the Deanery into the Cloisters is ancient: the guides herd the tourists before it and allege that it was built in the time of Edward III. I happened to open the door, to make for the station, and London, just at the moment when the guide lifted his hand, pointed to it (and to me, emerging) and said to the tourists, "And this is one of the oldest bits in the castle."

But I have come *near* the edge of fame in my time. I once stayed with Mr. Beverley Nichols in his delightful house in Surrey. On the Sunday afternoon I was walking down the front steps when four little girls and a ramrod of a schoolmistress came up to me, each of them carrying an autograph book. I was in simple shirt and slacks as I had been weeding groundsel from the lawn. The schoolmistress said: "Will you please ask Mr. Nichols to autograph these for us?"

I went obediently to the master in his study; I broke into the herbaceous border of his thoughts, obtained the autographs, and took them back to the ramrod lady. Then she gave me a shilling.

I have also enjoyed the edge of Mr. Gilbert Harding's limelight. Our friendship has survived the war and peace of thirty years and I still enjoy his splendid memory and his talent for simple surprises. One Guy Fawkes' Day he arrived at my house in the evening, with an armful of fireworks. I now have no garden; only a pocket-handkerchief of concrete back yard, to which we repaired.

Mr. Harding sent up rockets and filled the little yard with revolving stars of fire, while I thought of my insurance policy. When the celebrations were over we retired to my sitting-room and drank some port.

Next day my jealous neighbours said, "Oh, we heard that you had Gilbert Harding

to see you, with his fireworks. How nice for you!"

I did not tell them, or Mr. Harding, that I had to have one wall of the yard repainted. But I did it all in pleasant good humour, because it was a fair price for harbouring fame.

On another occasion I was in Hove and found myself without any money. I went into a chemist's shop where I dealt and hoped that I was known, and I asked the assistant to cash me a cheque. He was dubious; he turned the cheque about in his hands and frowned. Just then, one of the girls beside him whispered: "He's a friend of Gilbert Harding." The pound notes came over the counter in a Niagara after that.

But these brief encounters and exchanges with the great can have their disadvantages, especially in cases of mistaken identity. I cannot count the number of times I have whispered "*Bolitho*" to a butler, only to be announced as "*Belisha*"; so I believe that I shall be remembered for my beacons long after my biographies have been forgotten.

I shall end with a sad story of a scene on Wimbledon Station. (I hasten to add that I was merely waiting for a train to take me somewhere else.)

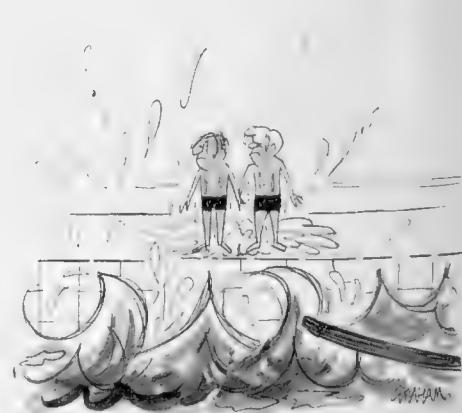
A little man came up to me and said: "Excuse me, but aren't you Mr. Herbert Morrison?"

I happen to vote Conservative, through a sense of self-preservation rather than deep conviction, but I admire Mr. Morrison very much. Nevertheless, I am not Mr. Morrison, so I answered the little man: "Certainly not!"

He withdrew along the platform; then he came back again. "Excuse me," he said again, "but the ticket collector says that you *are* Mr. Herbert Morrison. Are you pulling my leg?"

I suppose that this was what is known as the psychological moment in which I could bear my humble, nameless state no longer. When the man added: "Go on! You *are* Mr. Herbert Morrison," my indignation conquered the inherent sweetness of my nature and, drawing myself up to suit my anger, I said: "One more word from you and I'll call the police!"

BRIGGS by Graham



New twists on The Tower

*How it looked
to a Society
photographer,
BARRY SWAEBE,
on a day off
during the
printing
dispute*

*Window on White Tower
staircase, probably glazed
in 16th century*





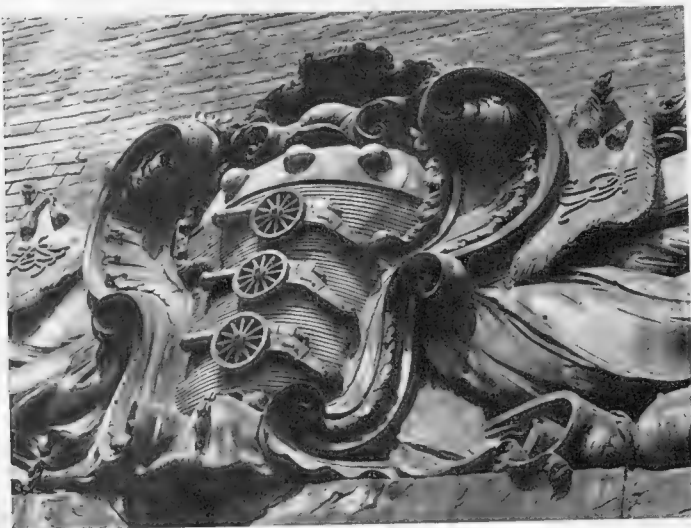
Light Infantryman Brig. L. F. E. Wieler, C.B.E. (left), is resident Governor of the Tower. Here he walks along Queen Elizabeth's Walk, which connects with the Bell Tower in which Elizabeth I once languished

Heavy Cavalryman (below) is a dummy in a suit of German Landsknecht armour of about 1560. The Tower has a wonderful collection of armour including a set of suits worn by English kings, from which incidentally it has been possible to learn their exact heights



New twists on The Tower

continued



Ornamental Guns belong to the arms of the Board of Ordnance and date back to George III. The Tower is full of guns, and some of them are not always silent. Royal salutes are fired there

Ornamented Gun (right) is a Turkish one, given to Queen Victoria by Sultan Abdul Medjid more than a century ago. Once a thing of terror, now it is just a pretty antique decorating the grounds

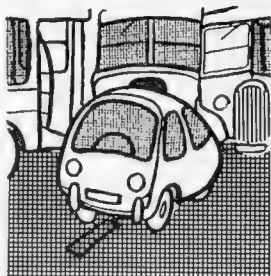


Opposite: **Ominous Padlock** bolts Traitors' Gate, once the river entrance through which prisoners were brought after trial at Westminster. Three queens and many nobles passed this way bound for a cell—or the scaffold





IFE's just one MAD rush . .



Last Wednesday, or it just might have been Thursday, I felt I just *had* to get out a bit—
know how one does—so I took the car up to Town. There must have been a lot of holiday car
or *something* because the roads were absolutely *awful*—but need I say? And of course when I

get up to Town I couldn't find an *inch* of parking space anywhere, particularly now with all these
zones and yellow *lines* and things—it's just impossible. I eventually parked the car—you'll never
believe this—on the *roof* of an absolutely *enormous* department store. It's one of those double



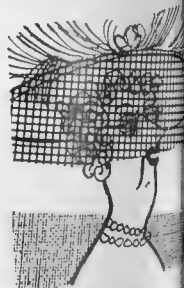
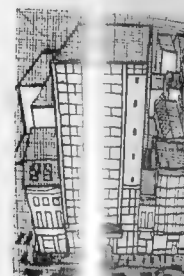
names I think—anyway it has the most wonderful geraniums all along the front. It really
most *sickeningly* high up there—it was sixteen stories high—or was it six?—the *man* did
me but I've such a head for figures. Such a nice little man too—I gave him a shilling—he's had

such trouble with his wife—or something. Anyway after that terrible ordeal—you know, coming
and everything—I just *had* to have a whisky so I popped down into one of those *slinky* little rock
'n' roll bars. As a matter of fact I know the little girl who runs it, a sweet child—I think Arthur



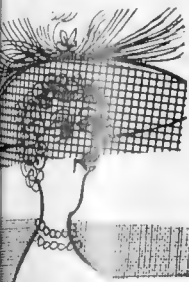
used to rather like her once. After that I felt absolutely *pots* better and then, well my day
absolutely *made* because *who* do you think I ran into as I was coming out?—our own dear *su*
Madge looking absolutely ravishing of course in *the most heavenly* shade of pink you could ima

with very soft white leather shoes—low heels of course—and a belt to match, and one of those large
umbrella hats in lilac with just the tiniest *suspicion* of a veil peeping over the edge. I didn't say



inspired perhaps by

*Mr. FR*S*R's much-publicized purchase*



anything of course, but I'm sure she's had her face done—by one of those people, you know. Her cheeks are positively *inches* higher—after all they did use to *sag* rather—and her forehead too—she hasn't a *trace* of wrinkle now. Of course we had absolutely *pots* to talk about so we grabbed a taxi

and rushed over to that *darling* little coffee place near Sloane Square—you know, with the *ivy*,—

and you'll never believe it, but we just talked *madly* for over *two hours*. I just *had* to get one or two

things though—some new curtains for one—so we dashed over to *Burridge's* and do you know



we'd hardly gone through the door when I looked at Madge and I knew we'd *both* fallen in love with the *darlingest* little W.P.B. you ever saw. It was on four *sweet* little legs and it had the *prettiest* designs—I'm sure they were Picasso—but of course, when I looked at the label it was *sold*. Any-

way we had lunch in *Burridge's* because it was handy and the York room is so pleasant, besides I

have the account and of course the waiters all *know* me. Then I just *had* to get up to Soft Furnish-

ings to look at the curtains. There didn't seem to be anything *there* though—lots of quite nice



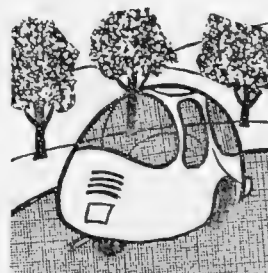
materials but nothing that *spoke* to me—and after all one does have to *live* with one's curtains.

Then suddenly bells started ringing and it was *five o'clock*—how time really *does*—well, when I

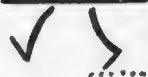
got home I was *absolutely exhausted*. Of course, I'd had an absolutely *hectic* day—I was *furious* I

didn't get any curtains. Come to think of it I hadn't really *done* anything—but then, I mean when

one asks oneself—just what *is* life for?



M.M.—for Michael (sic) Meacock



PASSPORT

Autumn pocket-size cruises

by DOONE BEAL

SHIPS ARE A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT; one is either bored or enchanted by them. However, for those who like ocean travel for its own sake, the prospect of a four or five-day round trip to one of the Continental ports is extremely attractive, for a brief autumn break. Floating hotel life with all that ozone, relaxation, lack of telephones, and duty-free smoking, shopping and drinking—need I go on?

Several transatlantic liners call at Tilbury or Southampton on their way to the Continent, returning here to pick up passengers for the outward voyage, and they offer some reasonable rates for these pocket-size cruises.

I have just returned from a three-day trip

to Bremerhaven in Greek Line's *Arkadia*—24 hours at sea each way, sailing from Tilbury. On 23 September, the *Arkadia* sails for Bremerhaven again, this time making a night's stop ashore, and on 18 November she will spend a week in Bremerhaven for refitting—which provides quite an opportunity to explore this not unattractive area of Germany.

Even on only one day ashore, it is worth taking one of the frequent electric trains from the port into Bremen (1½ hours' journey), just to see this lovely old Hanseatic town; to drink a half bottle of Rhine wine, by way of apéritif, in the vaulted cellars of the Ratskeller, and to lunch either there or at the elegant Eggishaus nearby. German

BREMEN, a short journey from Bremerhaven, retains the atmosphere of the old Hanseatic town

food is quite something to write home about, and in fact Bremen is one of the most celebrated areas gastronomically speaking. The opportunity to shop for cameras, watches, binoculars and some first-class contemporary jewellery and semi-precious stones such as rose quartz, amber and amethyst is also considerable. Bremen is not a tourist area, but the Park Hotel, set by a lake just outside the town, is one of the most luxurious in Germany and is an excellent place at which to spend the night. First class return Tilbury to Bremerhaven is £24, tourist class £14—the latter extremely comfortable providing you do not object to lack of private shower.

United States Lines also visit Bremerhaven, sailing from Southampton and doing the round trip in four days—one day ashore, and four nights on board. This is floating hotel life on a grand scale with, as I recall it, magnificent shopping on board and plenty of *pâté de foie gras* and caviar. But you pay accordingly—£36 first class, and £25 cabin class, for the round trip. The *United States* sails from Southampton on 27 October, and other sailings are roughly every two weeks.

Holland-America Line charge £11 return tourist, £16 cabin class and £18 first class from Southampton to Rotterdam. On 29 September you can catch the last leg of the eastbound maiden voyage of the spectacular new s.s. *Rotterdam*, returning to Southampton on 9 October (a 24-hour journey both ways at sea, sailing via Le Havre). She makes a similar trip from Southampton on 27 October arriving back on 3 November.

French Line sail from Plymouth to Le Havre, and return to Southampton, before crossing the Atlantic. The *Liberté* leaves Plymouth on 18 September, and returns to the U.K. on the 22, with three nights ashore in Le Havre. On the 23 September the *Flandre* makes the same trip, returning on the 26. There are six more voyages in October, five in November and three in December—some of which are on the West Indian-bound vessels *Antilles* and *Colombie*. Fares are constant—£16 10s. first class, £11 cabin class. An additional inducement for travelling with French Line is the superb food on board and the free table wine.

In no case, of course, does the fare include accommodation ashore, and passengers must disembark even when returning on the same ship. Further information can be had from the shipping companies: **French Line:** 20 Cockspur St., S.W.1. **Holland-America:** 120 Pall Mall, S.W.1. **United States Lines:** 50 Pall Mall, S.W.1. **Greek Line:** 28, Piccadilly, W.1.



BULL FEVER

A young bull fighter known as Josele was badly gored on Sunday at Valencia. The doctor attached to the arena, there has stated that the wound is not serious, perhaps the worst of the spectacular he has seen in the arena.

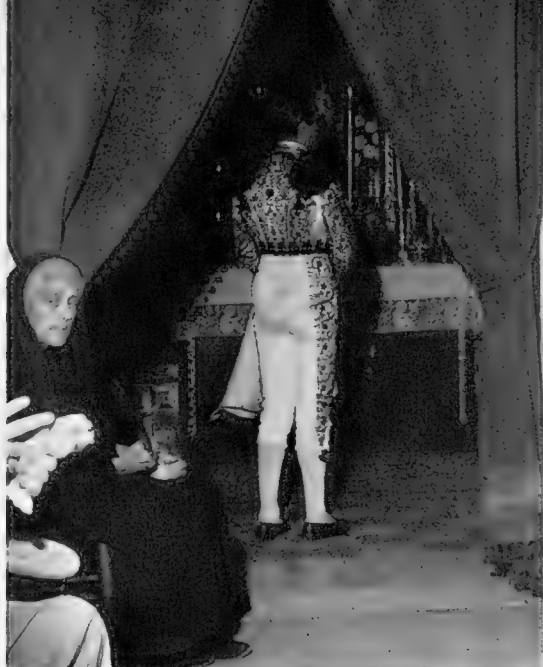
During the past week or so the toll of matadors, including several of Spain's leading stars of the bullring, has been causing concern. In the special hospital for bull fighters in Madrid, which is maintained by members of this profession, some 15 men have been treated so far this season.

The government has imposed by the civil governor of Corunna on two bull breeders for providing underweight bulls for a fight in that city.

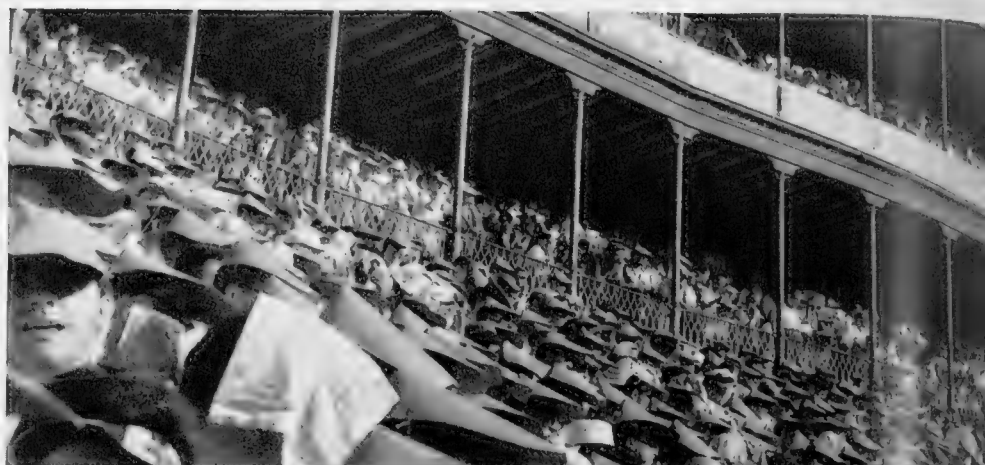


In Spain this summer, many a sunny afternoon that began with the parade shown in the top picture has taken an unexpected turn—the bull, as in the picture on the right, has got the better of the matador. The great Dominguin himself has twice been gored and at the present rate the season could well prove to be (for matadors) the goriest yet. The magnificent pictures on these pages convey the excitement and atmosphere of the sport that so bemuses Spaniards. It also bemuses **DUNCAN MELVIN**, who lived in Spain as a child and had a nurse who was engaged to a matador. He took these pictures over several seasons and in different arenas. N.B.: The matador (Marco de Celis) survived the encounter (at Pamplona) shown on the right. The bull's horn missed him and de Celis eventually dispatched the beast, as recorded above

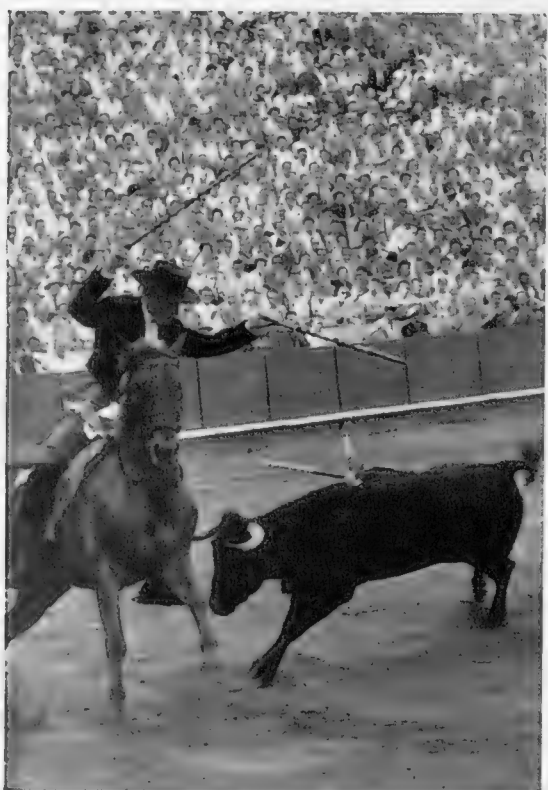




Prayer by the matador before the fight; standing at a curtained altar in the chapel of the arena



Silence, after the shouts. Spectators in the sun at Valencia wear paper sombreros as they follow the drama. Valencians are traditionally more appreciative than the *aficionados* of Madrid or Barcelona



Matador Angel Peralta (above), Spain's No. 1 rejoneador—here the bullfighter is mounted



Compliment for a Segovian lady when the matador's ceremonial parade cape is dropped in front of her by his sword-handler. Fighters often dedicate a bull to a member of the audience



In Valencia (below, left) matador Miguel Baez, called Litri, begins a series of passes performing (below, centre) a *manoletina*, and (below right) citing the animal for another series

BULL FEVER continued

THE RING AND THE RITUAL

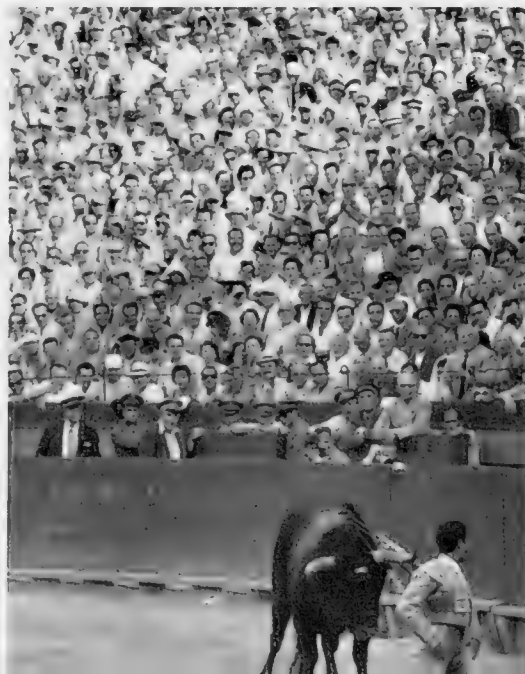


Banderilleros watch critically with folded capes, ready to take the bull away if necessary



After his highly-stylized brush with death (this time in the Pamplona arena) Marco de Celis sluices off the blood and sand without concessions to elegance

Dominating the bull (below, left), Litri kneels before him, cape in hand. Centre: He discards the cape. Escape is impossible if the bull should charge. Right: The ears are awarded, according to the crowd's wishes, and handed over by the alguacil (bullring warden) dressed in a Philip II costume



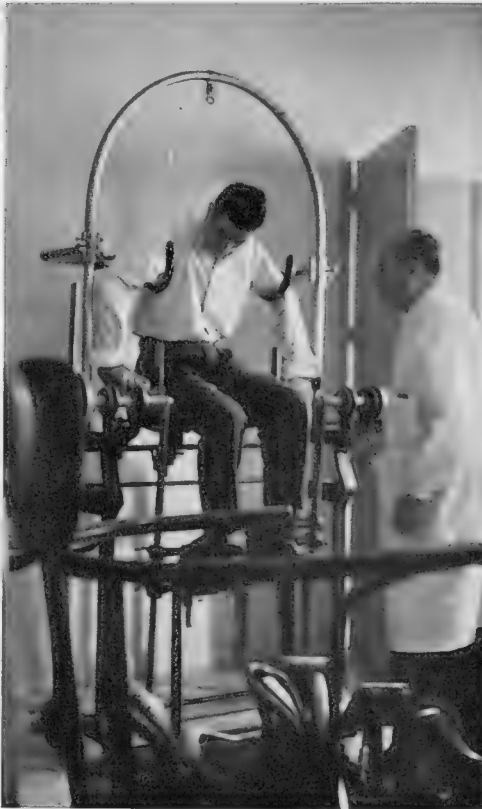
BULL FEVER continued

THE RETINUE & RAMIFICATIONS

Behind the scenes artist Juan Reus of Valencia paints bullring posters, many of which have since found homes in London on walls of coffee-bars and in Chelsea flats



Dr. Gimenez Guinea (above), specialist in horn wounds, heads the Torero's Clinic in Madrid where Dominguin was treated. Physiotherapy is given (below) to banderillero Guillano Gutiero to strengthen damaged muscles. Leading matadors put out of action by a goring, can lose up to £2,500 on one fight



Backroom seamstresses work on the matador's elaborate *traje de luces* (suit of lights) in Manfredi's of Seville. The fighting outfit can cost up to £400, take 3 months to make



Left: Novillero El Pio dresses for the ring accompanied by a retinue of manager, relations and the friends who follow everywhere



Matador Antonio Vazquez, one of three fighting brothers, with his gear for the season. Worth more than £1,000, most of it could be in shreds three weeks after the Easter opening. Apart from the matador and his *cuadrillo* (team of helpers), bullfighting provides work for more than a million Spaniards

Soccer is on the way to ousting bullfighting as the Spaniards' favourite sport. But to these young devotees, practising capework on the El Campillo farm near the Escorial, bulls are still the lure

A *mayoral* (ranch foreman) keeps watch on his herd at the Bohorquez bull farm near Jerez. Bulls must be a certain weight and fines are imposed on breeders of animals failing to meet the required standard





interviews ENID CHANELLE

DRESS-SHOP CHAIN CHIEF — AND RACEHORSE OWNER

MONICA FURLONG reports: *Miss Chanelle is the young and energetic head of a big group of dress shops. She also has the distinction of having had a rose named after her. We had tea in the restaurant of a Piccadilly store, her attention wandering occasionally with excitement as she caught sight of a customer wearing one of her dresses.*

MISS CHANELLE: Take that grey dress, I think it's nice, don't you? We sold them all with their own petticoats. What a fight I had with the manufacturers over that. "Madam," they said, "has her own petticoat." I said I didn't care if every single customer ripped the petticoat out when she got home, the dresses were designed to be worn with petticoats and I wanted them to leave my shops looking as they should. Another fierce battle we had was over hems. Nothing gives a dress a luxurious, expensive look so much as a really deep hem, but when I first asked for six-inch hems they thought I'd gone mad.

How many dress shops do you own?

MISS CHANELLE: There are 44 shops in the Chanelle group and we've just opened another one at Harrow. Most of them are in the South of England. So far we haven't gone farther north than Birmingham.

Do you feel that you cater for a certain type of woman?

MISS CHANELLE: If you mean do I set out to appeal to the matron, say, or to the teenager, no I don't. And our customers seem to come from all income groups; women who have a great deal to spend on their clothes and women who have very little. But I believe I always have in mind women who are rather like myself. Who love clothes and go first perhaps for colour and then for line.

And do you find that regional tastes vary?

MISS CHANELLE: Not at all. When I opened in Birmingham, people said I couldn't expect to sell the same lines as in London. This is quite untrue. I don't care whether it's Birmingham, Wigan, or anywhere else, women still like pretty clothes and are prepared to buy them.

How did you begin your career in fashion?

MISS CHANELLE: I started when I was 16 at a store in Bournemouth. I was selling corsets, and I was such a failure that they were going to sack me, but I pleaded for a last chance as a window-dresser. I think they felt sorry for me, so they let me try, and from that moment I was well away. I loved it. There were a whole lot of us, boys and girls, working under an absolute slave-driver of a woman who really knew her job. Every minute when we weren't actually working on the windows she had us preparing or cleaning things. I owe a tremendous amount to her—she taught me nearly everything I know about window-dressing. She taught me to be so fussy that later when I went as a window-dresser to another shop my first thought was to get down on my hands and knees and scrub out the window because I didn't think the vacuum cleaner would clean it properly.

What happened next in your career?

MISS CHANELLE: I became general manager of one firm I worked for and was finally given a seat on the board.

Wasn't that an extraordinary jump?

MISS CHANELLE: Not really, because a good window-dresser knows about everything that's going on in a store—exactly what stock there is and what the buyers are buying. Actually I was nearly fired there. For a long time I had wanted to have windows with no backs to them, so shoppers could see through into the shop. It's done everywhere now, but it seemed revolutionary then. The directors wouldn't hear of this, as the backs of the windows were filled in with valuable wooden panels, and when I suggested covering them with white paint they nearly had a fit. While the two directors were away in America I took the panels out without asking them, and it made an amazing improvement. I was sure they'd be furious but instead they congratulated me.

I believe you take a very personal interest in all of your shops?

MISS CHANELLE: Yes, at least a third of my time is taken up in travelling round visiting them. I talk to everyone—the assistants, the window-dressers, the managers—discussing changes of fashion with them, telling them about new ideas I have seen abroad. Also I try to arrange for all of my girls to have occasional trips to Paris. It's so important that they should be kept in touch with all the latest ideas if they are to do their jobs well.

Is it true that you don't have any Sales?

MISS CHANELLE: I have to have them occasionally, but I cut them down to the absolute minimum. I detest them, and I think it's a great pity they've become such a habit. In July when other shops are full of the rather tatty cotton frocks left over from the beginning of the season, I try to have a fresh consignment of dresses, crisp and new and full of ideas. People's feeling for cottons has often undergone a change by about the middle of the season and they want something new and different. I deplore the trend of selling summer clothes in February and autumn clothes in the middle of the summer.

What do you do when you are not thinking about clothes?

MISS CHANELLE: At weekends I go down to Bournemouth, where I have a flat and my parents have a cottage in the country. I find it easy to unwind there. I go down full of my own problems, but when I hear about what's going on in the village and the blight on Father's roses, somehow everything gets into perspective. I love cooking, too. I also own a couple of racehorses, called High Fashion and Special Number. They are so beautiful. When I see them before a race I always say to them: "I don't care whether you win or not, you're so beautiful anyhow." René, the hairdresser, designed my racing colours. My horses may not win races, but at least they are the smartest on the course.

NEWS PORTRAITS



SCREEN Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, who has just celebrated his 77th birthday, has had to postpone his visit to London in November for the première of his film *Porgy & Bess* at the Dominion Theatre. The film, which was to have been attended by the Queen & Prince Philip at a special performance in aid of the World Refugee Year, was put back after the Palace announcement of the Queen's expected baby. Mr. Goldwyn waited ten years to film the Gershwin Negro opera and has put 7 million dollars of his own money into the production. An independent producer unconnected with the great M.G.M. organization that bears his name (he sold out to it in 1924), he is one of the few survivors of Hollywood's founders



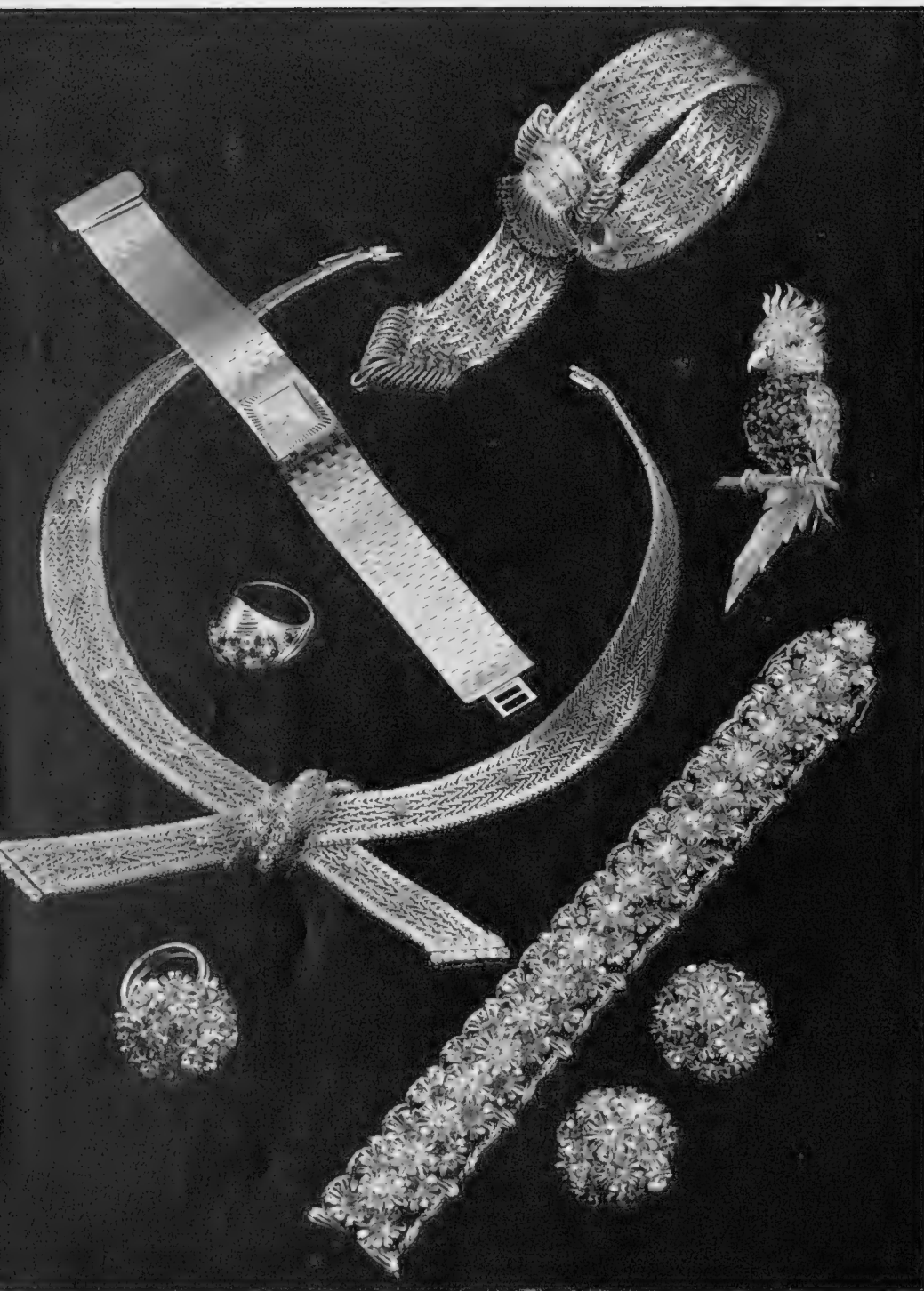
Alan Vines

STAGE Mr. Alfred Francis, O.B.E., last week took over the Chairmanship of the Old Vic Trust from Sir Bronson Albery (*below*). Both men have long been associated with the theatre, and specifically with the Old Vic. Mr. Francis, now joint managing-director of T.W.W. (Western Television) was until last year Administrative Director of the Old Vic. Sir Bronson, joint managing-director with his son, Donald, of Wyndham Theatres Ltd., was President of the Society of West End Theatre Managers, and is connected with numerous theatrical committees. Sir Bronson is retiring as chairman but will continue his association with the Old Vic (over 20 years) and stay on as a director

Alan Vines



DINING DESIGNS in jewellery have achieved a complete breakaway from the geometrical uniformity of the thirties era when huge specimen gems often dictated the setting. Now tiny stones are top fashion, and minute and skilfully worked settings demand the utmost of the jeweller's art. Most of the jewels shown below were designed by leading craftsmen in Paris but all can be bought at Kutchinsky, 69 Brompton Road, S.W.3. The mobile bracelet made from a cluster of exquisite 18ct. golden flowers set with tiny diamonds, rubies, emeralds



and sapphires is a perfect example of the current design trend, the price: £645. Ring and ear-clips *en suite*: £165 and £275 respectively. Gold is the metal of the moment, this necklet of 18ct. mesh is set with diamonds and costs £475, while the thin Rolex watch set in an 18ct. golden strap costs £220. Gold again for the parrot lapel brooch set with diamonds and topaz and priced at £275. The flexible 18ct. gold bracelet set with diamonds and rubies conceals under its loose "strap" a tiny Movado watch and costs £345. The ring with its intricate design of tiny diamonds and rubies is an *avant garde*, design. Price: £115

ANKLE ANGLES

The short frock is out for dinner dates this winter and the long dress is back. But just how long?

Paris goes for ankle-length but London stores are as yet undecided.

Some of them in copying Paris models are making them full length. So the choice is the customer's to reveal or conceal.

PHOTOGRAPHS: NORMAN EALES



Romantic revival is evident in this Frank Usher dress of wine-coloured moiré with a rounded neckline dropping low at the back. The full skirt is mounted on its own petticoats and confirms the trend from short to long for dining dates. The dress is worn with an antique pearl necklace and pendant set in gold from Richard Ogden, Burlington Arcade, W.1, price: £195. Stockists for the dress are Cresta, New Bond Street, W.1; Morrison's, Glasgow; Renée Meneely, Belfast. Price: 21½ gns.



The girl doesn't seem too interested in what's cooking but she has her own formula for knock-out dressing. Her shallow-necked matelasse top is in forest green patterned in black jet and worn with a floor-touching skirt of matching satin, which spreads from a flat bow at the waist. Gold bracelet with diamond pendant and the Victorian diamond dragonfly brooch come from Richard Ogden. Horrockses dress, price 33 gns., at Morell, Curzon Street; Remelle Gowns, Bolton; Georgina Broadbent, Oldham. Kitchen equipment from Fortnum & Mason



ANKLE ANGLES

continued

The chef blends a well-balanced mixture watched by a girl in a dinner dress made to an equally expert recipe. Her strapless sheath in oyster Duchess satin is embroidered with silver thread and chenille and worn with an emerald satin jacket which sweeps into a fringed train. Edwardian diamond leaf spray (worn on the jacket) comes from Richard Ogden, Burlington Arcade. Dress by Roter, price 44 gns., at Dickins & Jones; King's Fashions, Glasgow; J. R. Taylor, St. Anne's-on-Sea; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Kitchen accessories: French gold lustre cockerel casserole, 9 gns., set of Sabatier chef's knives, £4 3s. All from Fortnum & Mason



ANKLE ANGLES *continued*

The girl samples the mixture in a smoothly curving column of black interwoven with a gold lamé leaf design. It falls from a square-cut neck into a small train. The antique gold link bracelet with an amethyst centre comes from Richard Ogden. Dress by Peter Rotas, 38½ gns., at Clarida, Grosvenor Street; Cresta, Cardiff. The Kenwood Mixer costs £26 15s. 3d. from Fortnum & Mason



The chef adds wine, the girl adds glamour in a strictly cut black velvet dress with a low cowl back which plunges to the waist with a huge crimson rose. The waist-level jewel is a Prince of Wales diamond feather brooch from Richard Ogden. A Susan Small model, 29 gns., at Dickins & Jones; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Browns, Chester. Table accessories: wooden salad bowl and servers, £17 10s., outsize walnut peppermill, 19 gns., and a porcelain crab server from Portugal, £14 4s. 6d. All from Fortnum & Mason

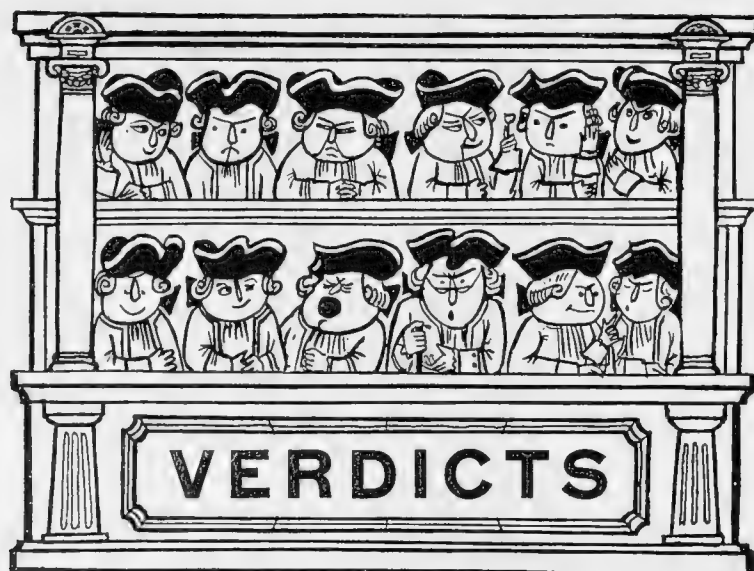


ANKLE ANGLES *continued*

The girl in a gown with the *trompe l'oeil* look of a two-piece admires the expertise of the chef as he whirls a *crêpe suzette* into the air. Deep green velvet for the top is contrasted with bullion lace and the great curve of skirt starts from a matching bow in heavy gold satin. A Koupy model, 32 gns., at Barri-Moore, Brompton Road; Vogue, Cambridge; Elaine, Guildford. Kitchen accessory: a copper saucepan with lid, £5 12s. 6d. from Fortnum & Mason



The chef continues his cookery lesson while the winning ingredients for the girl's outfit are the heraldic blue matelasse for her dress and diamond necklace and ear-rings in modern settings for the jewels. The deeply dipping top fits narrowly into a tiny waist; the skirt spills out into a soft fullness. Jewellery from Richard Ogden. Jean Allen dinner gown, price 29 gns., at Harvey Nichols; Henry Ash, Norwich; Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth. Kitchen accessories: copper frying pan, £7 15s., Colourcraft saucepan and casserole, £2 13s. 6d. each. All from Fortnum & Mason



The Play **THE COMPLAISANT LOVER**
(Ralph Richardson, Paul Scofield, Phyllis Calvert). Globe Theatre

The films **BLUE JEANS**
(Carol Lynley, Brandon de Wilde, Macdonald Carey, Marsha Hunt). Director Philip Dunne.
"X" Certificate.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS
(Anne Heywood, Michael Craig, Mylene Demongeot, Sidney James, Joan Hickson).
Director Ralph Thomas

THE BIG CIRCUS
(Victor Mature, Red Buttons, Rhonda Fleming, Gilbert Roland, Vincent Price, Peter Lorre).
Director Joseph Newman

THE NAKED MAJ
(Ava Gardner, Anthony Franciosa, Gino Cervi, Lea Padovani). Director Henry Koster

A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR
(Sal Mineo, Christine Carere, Barry Coe, Gary Crosby, Jessie Royce Landis). Director Raoul Walsh

The records **I WANT TO LIVE** (Gerry Mulligan, LP, London)

THE INCOMPARABLE "FATHA"
(Earl Hines, LP, Gala)

THE BLUES IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS
(Manny Albam, LP, Coral)

THE STORY OF THE BLUES
(Bella Reese, LP, London)

PETER GUNN (Shelly Manne, LP, Contemporary)

GOSPEL CONCERT (Clara Ward, LP, London)

The books **BROADSTROP IN SEASON**
by Robert Kee (Secker & Warburg, 18s.)

CHILD OF THE TWENTIES
by Frances Donaldson (Rupert Hunt Davies, 21s.)

NATIVE GROUND
by Philip Callow (Heinemann, 15s.)

DANSE MACABRE
by Frederic Mullally (Secker & Warburg, 15s.)

of the bookseller who is a welcome guest at the rich dentist's house, that he can love no woman if she is not some other man's wife. He has laid siege to several, but always at the last moment something has happened to rob him of the special brand of domestic bliss he craves. This time it looks as if everything is in his favour. His friend the dentist is an excruciating social bore, and the lively, personable, romantic wife is at the end of her tether. She is desperately tired of hearing her husband's childish anecdotes and of seeing her guests aured on to a cushion which plays "Auld Lang Syne" or given their whisky in dribbling glasses. Unbearable as she finds his jovial bursts of laughter at the success of these pranks, his obsessive talk about dentistry is still more unbearable. He is a fine practitioner, and dentistry is his ruling passion. The bookseller seems to her by comparison an accomplished man of the world, keeping his bibliophilism to the shop where it belongs; and

heartedly and deftly amusing in his comic deflection of the lover's romantic pretensions. Midway through the evening he is faced with the ticklish technical problem of persuading us to take his figures of fun quite seriously. That the play then takes a remarkably smooth slide downward into depth is due partly, of course, to the author's sure touch on his theme, but he gets immense help from the leading actor. Sir Ralph Richardson is at his very finest when, after taking in incredulously the valet's tell-tale letter, he makes the transition from the amiable booby, by way of bitter tears, to the simple man who in his despair has nothing to help him but his natural goodness. His thrusting rival thinks mainly of the gratification of his own dubious passions. The husband thinks painfully first of what will be best for his wife and children and only then of what would best suit himself. His solution—extraordinary coming from such a respectable citizen—is a discreet



Two faces of an unfaithful wife: Phyllis Calvert in *The Compliant Lover*

at the end of an extremely comic party, at which Sir Ralph Richardson's host has exasperated almost beyond endurance the edgy guest of Mr. Paul Scofield, the scene transfers itself to a bedroom in an Amsterdam hotel. Here the lovers find themselves exposed to most of the unlucky mischances that lovers in a French bedroom farce have to cope with as best they can. At the most improbable and almost the most inconvenient moment, in strolls the husband in the company of a Dutch dental instrument manufacturer whose ignorance of English leads to deeper embarrassment. But the husband is the most trusting of mortals. He sees no evil and thinks no evil. The presence of his friend in his wife's bedroom in Amsterdam seems to him no more than a happy coincidence. He will show them a nice little restaurant he knows. This is too much for the friend, and determined to precipitate a divorce, he dictates a letter in which the valet can let the dentist know that his wife is deceiving him.

Mr. Greene has so far been light-

ménage-à-trois, the wife keeping the home together but seeing as much of her lover as she wishes. She rather leaps at the suggested arrangement, but the lover is a far cleverer man than the simple dentist and he knows that he has been defeated once again. He foresees clearly that he will resent the irksome restrictions of the arrangement, that his peevish resentment will rob him of romance in the wife's eyes; and that sooner or later she will leave him for good and all. Seemingly in this world it is not possible to have one's cake and to eat it.

Mr. Paul Scofield admirably catches what is cruelly opportunist in the home breaker and also what is basically true of the character—a passionate desire for a real home of his own without the capacity to make one except through a dashing take-over bid. Miss Phyllis Calvert hits off precisely the wife who cannot resist a romantic temptation but is all the while anchored more securely than she seems to the familiar domestic round of husband, home and children.



The constant husband

MR. GRAHAM GREENE IS DEVELOPING lightness of wrist as a playwright, and *The Compliant Lover* at the Globe is, to my thinking, far and away the best of his three plays. Unlike the other two, it makes no specialized approach to sin. Mr.

Greene is satisfied this time to imply that there is in the nature of things a moral law which even those who never give it a thought may have unexpectedly to take into account.

It is the psychological misfortune



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Opposite sides of the age barrier

FOR THE PAST FORTNIGHT A PRETTY little hen budgerigar whose owners are on holiday has been staying with me and causing me, through our lack of means of communication, a slight, superficial worry. I watch her as she preens herself by the hour before one of her several looking-glasses: would she not, I ask myself, be more happily and sensibly employed with a piece of plain sewing or something of that kind? But there—I just don't know at all what goes on in her little head and so I shrug away and leave her to her own devices.

It would appear from *Blue Jeans*, a sympathetic film skillfully directed by Mr. Philip Dunne, that a great many happy American middle-class couples find themselves in a similar position—vis-a-vis their teenage offspring. It is not, of course, as in the case of Miss Budge and myself, a difference of *kind* that prevents communication. Between these parents and children is set the apparently impenetrable barrier of the years—on one side of which the older generation sits wagging its battle-axe, while on the other the younger, unguided and feeling misunderstood, pursues at its own peril the sports and practices currently in vogue.

Miss Carol Lynley, a young actress of exceptional charm and talent and Mr. Brandon de Wilde, a wonderfully sensitive young actor,

give beautiful performances as a pair of 16-year-old high school children who, following the example of their fellows (and in the hideous language of their kind), start to "go steady" and experimenting, uninstructed, with sex rush headlong to disaster. They dare not tell their parents that a baby is on the way: they trust that a stolen cheque and a shady doctor will free them from the burden they are too young to bear. Tragedy looms—but the scriptwriter, clearly on the side of youth, has contrived (and that is what I mean) a happy ending.

Miss Betty Box's latest, *Upstairs And Downstairs*, is an amiable, episodic trifle concerning the difficulties encountered by a pleasant young couple, Miss Anne Heywood and Mr. Michael Craig, in their quest for a domestic help. Miss Joan Hickson is hilarious as an excellent cook who rarely draws a sober breath but, doubtless through years of practice, never quite loses her equilibrium—and Mlle. Mylene Demongeot, a "nanny" imported from Sweden, successfully demonstrates that she can arouse the biological urge in every type of male, including such an elderly pillar of pomposity as Mr. James Robertson Justice.

While yielding to no one in my lack of admiration for the acting talents of Mr. Victor Mature, I have

to allow that *The Big Circus*, in which he stars as the flamboyant owner of (inevitably) the greatest show on earth, is all the same pretty good entertainment. Mr. Mature, who has had to borrow half-a-million from his bank to keep his show on the road, suffers from competition with the dastardly Borman Circus—and a fifth-columnist among his own people drives him nearly dotty: no wonder his eyebrows ripple like twin miniature roller-coasters.

Mr. Red Buttons is positively endearing as the bank's "loan officer." There are some splendid circus acts (real) thrown in—in addition to the thrilling spectacle of Mr. Gilbert Roland appearing to walk over Niagara Falls on a tight-rope. (At his age, too!)

I do not deny that *The Naked Maja* has a certain elegance and opulence, or that the atmosphere of decadence and corruption at the court of Carlos IV of Spain has been well caught—but neither can I deny that as a piece of biography it is a disappointment. As Goya, the Spanish painter and patriot, Mr. Anthony Franciosa occasionally displays a flicker of authentic fire—but Miss Ava Gardner, though she looks egregiously handsome as the Duchess of Alba, leaves one absolutely cold. So—because of its theatricality—does the burning story of their passionate love affair.

If there is a sort of film I can do without, it is the American army musical—in which, when not yapping about "dames," hordes of G.I.'s burst into rousing marching songs or close harmony. *A Private's Affair* is one of these excruciating bores. It has a new twist to the boy-meets-girl theme: G.I. (Mr. Barry Coe), while unconscious, is married off to "the Assistant



FACES FROM FILMS: Ava Gardner as the Duchess of Alba in *The Naked Maja*, and Peter Lorre as a clown in *The Big Circus*. Both films are reviewed alongside

Secretary of the Army"—a woman, played with an understandable air of not believing a word of it by Miss Jessie Royce Landis.

Otherwise the only matter of interest—and that the very slightest—is whether Mr. Coe will ever get around to appearing on TV with his chums, Messrs. Sal Mineo and Gary Crosby.



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Jazz at the pictures

IN 1959 A HOLLYWOOD SCORE composer, Henry Mancini, wrote theme music for a series of 39 mystery stories, subsequently filmed for TV showing in the States. No doubt "Peter Gunn" will eventually make his appearance in our homes, but for the moment he must remain a name associated with jazz. The producers have thought up the brilliant gimmick of setting the action to a contemporary jazz score! The whole thing is a bit meaningless without the vision, but

at least it is an admission—that jazz can and does make an impact on the ordinary public. The original theme music is available on an RCA stereophonic album (SF-5033), and Shelly Manne produces a warmer version for Contemporary (LAC 12193).

Neither of these matches Gerry Mulligan and the Jazz Combo (LTZ-T 15161) for their film-track work in "I Want To Live." All the drama of Susan Hayward's memorable performance, her rest-

less character, and more besides can be culled from Johnny Mandel's score. It surpasses anything that has previously come from Hollywood, where music for dramatic stories is regarded as incidental, subjugated to the plot rather than played into it. Mulligan's baritone shouts from the heights, answered by Art Farmer's trumpet, Bud Shank's reedy alto, Rosolino's volatile trombone.

Della Reese is a young and ambitious singer, whose interpretation of the blues is contemporary but earthy. I have hopes that she may fill the thinning ranks of true blues singers, so recently depleted by the sad death of Billie Holiday. In her narration of "The Story Of The Blues" (SAH-J 6021) she runs the gamut of traditional and pseudo blues material in a neatly condensed history. I could challenge the choice of material,

but prefer to praise her open-throated style, her meticulous accompaniment by Sy Oliver, and the effective stereo recording. In the full knowledge of Joe Turner's past performances of blues songs, I shy away from the crude sounds of "Rockin' The Blues," his latest album. His vigorous shouting style, throwing right back to the classic tradition, is prostituted in these "rock" pieces.

The blues, after all, are "everybody's business"; so states Manny Albam (LVA 9104), an active composer/arranger in the New York scene. The work of three interesting trumpeters, Art Farmer, Nick Travis, and Ernie Royal, is featured in his Coral L.P. The arrangements are crisp, giving plenty of scope for the soloist. I like this music almost as much as Earl Hines' Gala album (GLP 316), a piano dissertation of great interest.



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Here's a medal for Broadstrop

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE things about Robert Kee's tremendously engaging novel *Broadstrop In Season*, is that Simon Broadstrop is such an immensely likeable man. I have now reached a point where I can find no joy in the men who move around in contemporary fiction—it is high time to give up calling them the heroes of their novels—who are disagreeable, discourteous, envious and black-hearted to a monotonous degree. Broadstrop isn't very heroic either—he does practically no work, he bobs about, alarmed and puzzled, in the wake of events and people over which and whom he has no control, he isn't very brave or purposeful or constructive. But he has a kind and compassionate heart, and already by page 16 he is being painfully disturbed by the sound of his landlady's baby crying downstairs. ("Some guilt assailed him as the baby's tiny cry seemed as always to call to him from the very darkest reaches of human agony. Why, at this one time in a human being's life when

it was possible to do something about all that misery, was it always treated as a matter that could wait?" This is the sort of thing that makes me feel very deeply about Broadstrop right from the start.)

Purposefully fantastic, sometimes slightly nightmarish, set in a thoroughly contemporary climate of bizarre farce combined with a vague but potent feeling of unease and presentiment of doom, *Broadstrop In Season* is a book about which, I should guess, one would either feel irritation or a profound and joyful affection. I want to give it a medal, a gold cup, an outsize bouquet, a special place by the fire to keep it warm in the winter when its excellent jacket gets old and falls off. It is about life in London, and it takes in immediately recognizable pubs and debs and enormous parties and secret agents and counter-espionage officials quadruple-bluffing each other with magnificent and mad ingenuity. It lacks the bitter taste of satire—the comic force that drives the book

along is wild, extravagant, sane, and like all the best comedy, contains a strong element of sadness, but it is not destructive or cold-hearted. It is, I think, above all a lyrical, poetic kind of comedy. (Mr. Kee can even create three debs and make them immensely touching and vulnerable as well as absurd, like three little Herrick girls gathering rosebuds in expensive invisible dew at the Ritz.)

Above all, Mr. Kee has the sort of crooked eye and fresh gift of unexpected phrase that can make one laugh aloud. There are dazzling big scenes of pure, agonized comedy—in particular, the party-of-the-decade given for Amaryllis Kirkaldy, where the guests have a "slightly hired look" and a brilliant young designer has created a Japanese night-club and an avenue of orange and lemon trees in artificial sunlight and half the disguised chuckers-out are women—but wit also bubbles out in every sentence and in smallest details. "It's a matter of life and death actually," says Broadstrop untruthfully to a long-distance telephone operator. "Life and death, is it?" she said, a little bored, as if her pair of shears were always handy." That's the sort of thing for which I shall never stop being grateful to Mr. Kee. But there is no sense in wasting time clipping bits out of *Broadstrop In Season*. Read it immediately.

Child Of The Twenties is by Frances Donaldson. She is the

daughter of the late Frederick Lonsdale, the drawing-room playwright and charming egotist who emerges as, I think, the most interesting and alive figure in the book. (She has already written his biography.) The first half is an account of the brightest of bright life in the twenties, for Mrs. Donaldson was taken on an unending round of parties and night-clubs by her father, who adored her, and her record of the sort of life she led makes it not hard to understand her brisk switch, on her second marriage, to social work and left-wing politics. The publishers comment on her good-tempered and charming style, but oddly the impression I was left with was of a deeply reticent, complex, slightly defensive writer, wary of revealing too much and writing in a tone of voice that varies between the cool and the sharp-tongued (though a good deal less barbed than her redoubtable father's). After reading it I retained an uneasy sensation of melancholy not too far below the surface of every page.


Philip Callow's *Native Ground* (Heinemann, 15s.) is a moving, simple and beautifully written book of episodes in the life of a boy growing up in a Midlands town. It is written in the first person, and every line convinced me that I was reading not fiction but heightened autobiography, but perhaps this is a naïve reaction. Though I found it lacked the absolute, head conviction and effortless magic of his earlier, extraordinary *Common People*—there are times when I found *Native Ground* just slightly self-conscious after its truly remarkable predecessor—it is still not a book to miss.

On the cover of Frederic Mollally's long, really quite unusual, torrid first novel, *Danse Macabre*, a stark lady with shoulders of military squareness and slightly buck teeth gazes enigmatically and I dare say maddeningly forth. It is the story of a journalist's search for the truth about the beautiful Marianne, a scandalous young beauty with the eyes of Nefertiti and an extraordinarily tangled love-life. Bob Sullivan, the journalist, goes to no end of trouble and expense against colourful exotic backgrounds, and finds himself in some demanding situations which he faces with a sort of gloomy courage. ("When he came out she was propped up on one elbow, her free hand probing the slack muscles of her stomach. He sat down on the bottom corner of the low divan bed and stared at her morosely, trying to fathom the unspeakably evil quality that lay about her.") One way and another, it is, to adapt the old phrase, sex, sex, sex all summer long, laced with brandy, murder, and just a whiff of hashish.



Brodrick Haldane

Mrs. Clare Sheridan, sculptress cousin of Sir Winston Churchill, has just returned from the Saharan town of Biskra (where she once lived) after collecting diaries which will form the basis of the book of memoirs she is now preparing. Mrs. Sheridan, who now lives in Old Hastings, made a controversial journey to Moscow after World War One to sculpt the Bolshevik leaders. Busts of Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev & Kamenev remain as souvenirs in her home



The sweater with
the tailored look—
a clubcoat by Holyrood.
It's the correct way
to relax in comfort,
right through the calendar.
Just one of the many
splendid sweaters which
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sweaters
for clubmen
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ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPE

CENTREPIECE for the dinner table, from France, is made in white ceramic. The lid of faits fruit lifts off, so that the bowl can be used for fruit salad. Price: £12, from John Siddeley, 4 Harriet Street, Sloane Street, S.W.1. They also have large single hollow pineapples with removable lids (£8 10s. each), and candlesticks moulded into sprouting pineapple leaves, in two sizes (8 gns. or 5 gns. a pair). All these ceramics are to order and also available in black

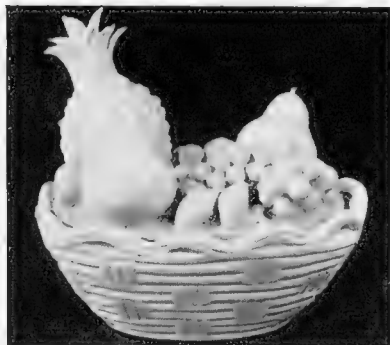


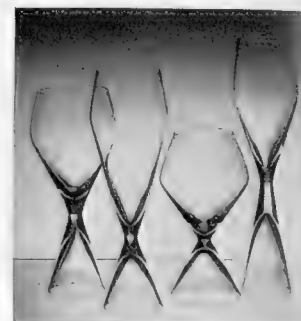
TABLE LINEN, hand-made in Madeira, is available at the White House, Bond Street, W.1. They have a collection exclusive to them of table mats and cloths in Irish linen cambric and Swiss organdie. One set of mats and napkins has been inspired by the paintings of Watteau, Boucher and Fragonard, embroidered in natural thread and appliqué on fine natural Irish linen and Swiss organdie. Price £89 a set of 12. Many sets, in various pastels (some with contrasting embroidery), also have runners. Prices from about £16 10s. for eight people. Tablecloths of ample proportions cost from about £25 (with napkins); one, with white appliqué bunches of fruit, caught up with ribbons and fluttering bows, on white Swiss organdie costs £80 (including 12 napkins); cheaper ones, also in pastels, are less elaborately worked. Examples of these designs are in stock at the White House, but if another colour than the one available is required, the order may take three to four months to complete



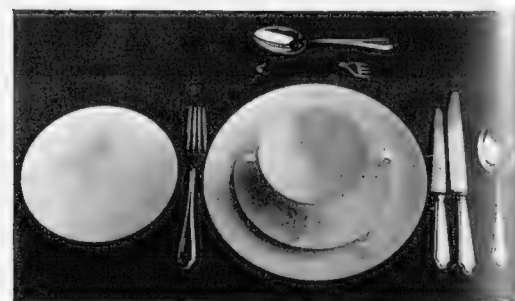
STAINLESS STEEL cutlery is a recent addition to Mappin & Webb's silver and silver plate. Made by Mappin's own craftsmen, it is clean in design and called Melody. Prices per dozen: teaspoons £1 15s.; dessert spoons £3; tablespoons £3 8s. 6d.; soup spoons £3; table forks £3 8s. 6d.; dessert forks £3; fish forks and knives (per dozen pairs) £7 15s.; dessert knives 4 gns.;

table knives £4 16s. These prices are for satin finish stainless steel. In polished stainless steel (not the fish set) they are a little more. For instance, tablespoons £3 15s. per dozen, table knives £5 2s. per dozen, teaspoons £1 16s. per dozen. This cutlery has been accepted by the Council of Industrial Design for display at the Design Centre, Haymarket. On sale at Mappin & Webb, Ltd., 172 Regent Street, W.1; 65 Brompton Road, S.W.3, or 2 Victoria Street, E.C.4.

TABLE GLASS designed by Italian Isabel Giampetro for the Royal Leerdam Glassworks of Holland is obtainable (to order only) from Heal's, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. The glasses come in clear crystal and the bowls echo them by having wide-splayed hollow bases. All the usual size glasses are available, plus a decanter and punch bowl. Illustrated here, the burgundy glass costs about £2 17s. 6d., the goblet about £2 19s. 3d., the punch glass about £2 12s. 6d., the flute champagne glass about £2 16s.

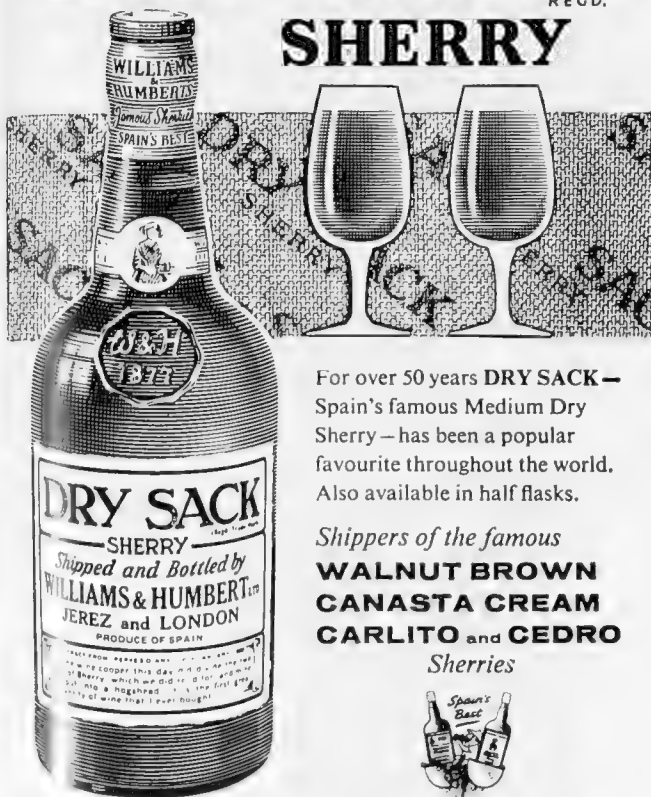


FLOWERS can be delivered to your door every week through the Four Season Flower Club. The annual subscription is only 10s. 6d., the average weekly cost 7s. to 10s. The Club has its own nursery, and always buys every morning from Covent Garden, so the flowers and foliage are absolutely fresh on arrival. With their highly concentrated delivery service and knowledge of the market, they can provide flowers cheaper than normal prices. Variety depends on the time of year and the Club's secretary, Mr. Weston, makes the choice, taking into account customers' likes and dislikes. Pot plants can be delivered if preferred, especially round Christmas, when cut flowers are expensive. The Service only operates in central London. The Club headquarters and flower shop is at 11 New Quebec Street, W.1. Write for a membership form, or telephone AMBassador 6611



DINNER SERVICE in fine porcelain china from The Rosenthal Shop at Wilson & Gill, Regent Street, who have a variety of designs. This one, called Classic Rose, is in white, each piece decorated with an unfurling rose and closed buds etched in pale gold. The service has 35 pieces—plates (in three sizes), soup cups and saucers, two vegetable dishes, two platters and an oval sauceboat. Price: complete £57 12s. 6d.; or separate dinner plates £1 7s. each, dessert plates £1 0s. 9d. each, side plates 14s. 9d. each. (Silver by Wilson & Gill)

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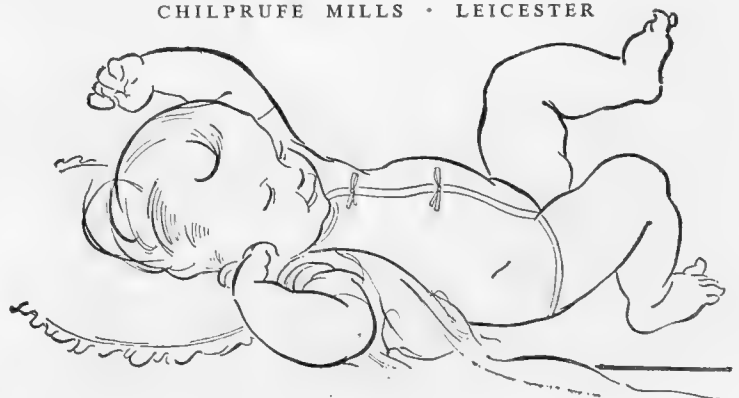
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BEAUTY

Harvest for health

by JEAN CLELAND

A VISIT TO PEOPLE ON A SLIMMING course in which lemon juice played an important part, a tour round a herb farm, and a lecture on apples, convinced me that many of nature's products give benefits to health and beauty that are by no means sufficiently realized.

Doctors and beauticians agree that health and beauty are largely dependent one upon the other. To look one's best without, all must be well within. Since a number of things that come from the garden and countryside are equally effective internally and externally, they are worth considering.

Many herbs are used with great success in the promotion of health and beauty. I walked round the herb farm where so many are grown, and went inside to see the final products. I was particularly interested in the herbal—or tisane—teas noted throughout the countryside for their beneficial effects. I found that melissa (lemon balm) stimulates the heart, helps relaxation, and is good for headaches. Hyssop helps catarrh. Tisanes made of lime flowers promote perspiration, and are excellent in the case of chills and colds. Valerian has a soothing effect on the nervous system, and should be drunk before going to bed to induce sleep. Many country

people believe that sage tea promotes a long life.

In addition to the internal benefits derived from herbs, they have good external uses. The same farm makes a beauty pack. This is made from a special flower and leaf mixture, and has a clearing and reviving effect on tired skins.

Lemon juice is helpful in so many ways, that it is something which one should never be without. If you do not want to bother with squeezing the fruit, you can buy it in a bottle labelled P.L.J., which stands for pure lemon juice. Taken in warm water night and morning, it helps you to slim. By keeping the internal works in good order and maintaining the acid-alkali balance it clears the complexion and brightens the eyes.

Externally lemon juice is a splendid aid to beauty. Mixed with oatmeal, it can be used for whitening and softening elbows that have become rough and discoloured. Added to glycerine and rose water it whitens the hands. Those who live in the country, far from beauty salons and shops, can make an effective facial mask with lemon juice in the following way:

Mix two tablespoons of Fuller's Earth with two teaspoons of pure juice, and enough milk and water to form a creamy consistency.

If the skin is dry, add a teaspoonful of olive oil. Spread this on and leave for about ten minutes, then rinse off with warm water.

The talk on apples convinced me that this valuable fruit keeps not only the doctor, but the dentist away. Apples are rich in minerals, calcium, phosphorus and iron, and contain much that is essential for the building of sound bones and teeth, and for enriching the red blood cells. In the case of children, they are a protection against scurvy. They are particularly helpful for

grown-ups wanting to slim, since the eating of one apple gives a satisfied feeling that is great compared to its low calorific value. Next time you feel like breaking your diet, just munch an apple, and satisfy your hunger.

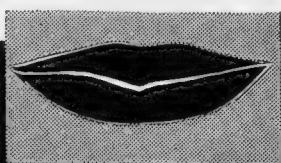
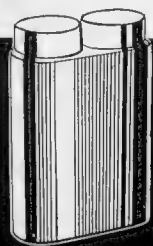
Externally apples have a good effect on the teeth. The juices are cleansing, and the process of chewing an apple helps to remove food debris and stimulates the gums. Few things are better than this for children to counteract the effect of eating sweets.



HERBS FOR HEALTH:
(left) Chamomile face pack.
Above: Harvesting at the
Chiltern Herb Farms Ltd.,
near Tring

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MOTORING

But not, alas, for us

by GORDON WILKINS

ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE ARE some of the new and improved sports cars which have been announced in recent weeks. A newcomer with sleek styling and better than usual weather protection is the Sunbeam Alpine, which is really a fast convertible, with winding windows, but can be had with a neat hard top converting it into a snug coupé for the winter. The engine is developed from that of the Rapier, and gives 83 horsepower, sufficient to propel it at nearly 100 m.p.h. Brakes are discs at the front; drums at the rear. An interesting detail is a hollow centre armrest which forms a locker for cameras, gloves, sun glasses and other items.

The ever-popular MGA now has a bigger engine of 1,598 c.c., which raises the power output to 79 horsepower and makes it more flexible. You can tramp on the accelerator at 12-14 m.p.h. in top and accelerate away quite smoothly (although few self-respecting sports car drivers would want to). And the MGA now has Lockheed disc brakes on the front wheels.

Then there's the latest Austin Healey, with engine size increased to 2,922 c.c. to produce 124 horsepower. This is now a really fast car, and naturally has disc front brakes (by Girling).

Britain is now by far the world's biggest manufacturer of sports cars (the B.M.C. alone makes over 1,000 a week) but the home market has been dwindling fast. The Economist Intelligence Unit recently estimated that home market sales of sports cars declined from 5,000 in 1954 to 3,000 last year, although total new car sales in Britain are well over half a million a year; 94 out of every 100 sports cars we build are shipped abroad, the greatest proportion to North America. Foreign visitors are surprised to find how few sports cars there are on British roads, although we build them for the rest of the world and have the best drivers.

Our inadequate roads (and high depreciation, because of the poor market for second-hand sports cars) are cited as reasons, but in the motor trade another cause is mentioned; the difficulty of getting insurance on sports cars. To check

this, I asked a tariff company to quote for adding a popular sports car to an existing saloon car policy which has an excellent claims record, and currently carries full cumulative no-claims bonus. Answer: 25 per cent increase in premium, passenger insurance and all personal accident benefits to be cancelled, and insured to pay the first £25 of every claim.

For most people without private means, this amounts to a virtual prohibition on sports car ownership. Apparently the insurance companies regard sports cars as a bad risk regardless of who drives them. I was told that a young driver who could not show a long accident-free record would find it difficult to get a sports car insured on any terms. Added to 50 per cent purchase tax, this places a sports car out of reach of most people until they are too old to want one.

Some insurance men believe that so much prejudice has been whipped up against sports cars by anti-motoring propagandists, that a sports car driver is likely to be more severely dealt with in the courts than the driver of an ordinary car in similar circumstances. Foreign buyers also pay high insurance premiums, but lower taxes.

British sports cars sell to American servicemen over here at not much over half the price paid by the natives. With imported cars the discrepancy is still more marked. Rudolf Caracciola, famous prewar Grand Prix ace, recently spent a month in Britain demonstrating Mercedes-Benz cars at American Forces bases. The 190 SL two-seater, which costs the British buyer £2,735 with duty and purchase tax, is delivered here tax-free to Americans for £1,273. The 300 SL, which would cost a Briton £5,313 comes to Americans here at £2,647. And when they return to the U.S., their cars go with them, duty free.

However, there is a ray of hope. This sunny summer I have seen an extraordinary number of Austin Healey Sprites on British roads. Maybe this endearing little car is at last breaking through the price-tax barrier to bring the fun of sports car motoring to the younger generation in Britain.



RIVIERA SETTING for the Austin Healey 3,000 (left) and MGA1600. In the centre, Donald Healey



SUNBEAM ALPINE, fast, versatile sports. Can be had with detachable hard top for winter

SWEDEN'S VOLVO (1,600 c.c., 4-cylinder) is bidding for a share of America's fast-growing sports car market. The body will be made, and the car assembled, over here



RARELY DOES A QUITE-NEW WAY OF giving a party come into my ken but, less than two years ago, I met with *Fondue Bourguignonne*. Why it is given this cryptic name, I do not know. It has nothing to do with the fondue (melted cheese) we know, nor has it anything to do with Burgundy. It should never have been given such a misleading description.

It is a new form of table cookery and should be the delight of the young and busy woman who likes to entertain. I cannot see the seasoned hostess bothering with this new way because, by the time she has reached maturity, she has all the equipment she requires and her own special ways of presenting dishes well. But brides-to-be should put this gadget on their list of hoped-for gifts.

Let me describe this cooker. It comprises a special methylated spirit lamp with, standing over it, a silver-lined copper container called a caquelon half filled with a tasteless oil (I suggest arachide). The spirit lamp was lit and the oil heated almost to smoking point.

In front of each person, was a small dish containing 6 to 8 oz. cubed fillet steak. Each of us had an extra, specially long-tined, fork. With this fork, we impaled a cube of meat, placed it (still on the fork) in the hot oil and left it there until

DINING IN

Cooking at table

by HELEN BURKE

cooked to our liking. With the eating fork, the meat was pushed on to a plate and another cube of steak cooked in the same way.

How long to cook it? Folk quickly learn. After this deep-frying of the second cube, if not the first, there is no trouble about the degree of cooking one prefers.

I think this is the only way in which each person can be sure of having steak cooked as he or she likes best—from *bleu* (almost raw) to overdone. The hostess has no worry about the individual tastes of her guests.

Next in importance to this cooking at table are the condiments. At my first tasting of this free-and-easy way of giving an informal meal, the table was spotted with an almost rash-like profusion of little glass dishes containing the most exciting sauces, dressings and garnishes. One had a choice of many from which to choose.

There were dishes of mayonnaise, sauce vinaigrette, sauce Tartare,

horse-radish cream, mustard cream, tomato ketchup, Worcestershire sauce, curry sauce, sauce Bernaise, finely chopped raw onions, chopped small gherkins, chopped sweet peppers, olives, chopped watercress, radishes, chopped parsley and finely chopped garlic. With all this went a deliciously crisp Webb's Wonder lettuce.

With this meal, we drank a carafe of Burgundy (nothing to do with the *Bourguignonne*). With all the piquant condiments and et ceteras, it would have been folly to have served anything other than a very ordinary *vin ordinaire*.

Cadee of Greek Street, Soho, has this special table-cooking gear.

Let me now jump from Dining In to Wining In. Had home wine-makers had the privilege that I had of attending a demonstration of bottling at Hallgarten's, under London Bridge Station, they would have learned one of the most vital points about the job. We were shown how a new bottling plant

operates. Bottles were automatically sterilized, filled, corked and capped at the astounding rate of 1,800 an hour.

A member of the firm explained to me: "Wine is a living thing. We must take the utmost care to prevent any floating yeast spores (in the air) entering the bottles."

The bottles, with capsules already on them, arrive at what I may call the fillery. The capsules are removed and the bottles are placed on a moving belt which conveys them to a point where they are filled with sulphur dioxide gas to destroy any floating anything. Next, they pass on to a point where the sulphur dioxide gas is completely withdrawn by sterile air. Then they are filled with wine, corked and correctly capsuled.

This was a lesson to me. Having had the right kind of teacher, I take a tremendous lot of care about this very thing when I make wine. Some of the hit-or-miss methods I read make me wonder what kind of a brew will eventually emerge. Without a fermentation lock, I do not know how many can make wine at home successfully these days.

A cheering final note. For the first time since World War II, Liebfraumilch, one of the most famous of all Rhenish wines, can be bought, bottled in London, for 10s. 6d. a bottle.



'The Vintage' an engraving after a painting in the Tate Gallery by T. Uwins, R.A.

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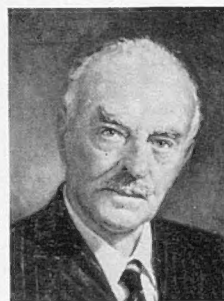
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingrave House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, September 9, 1959. Re-entered as Second-class Matter, January 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. © 1959 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

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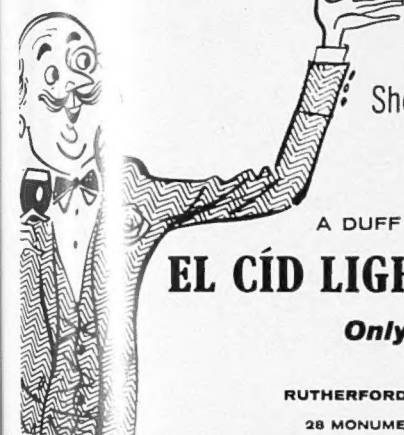
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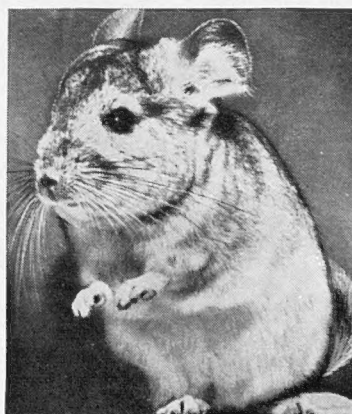
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